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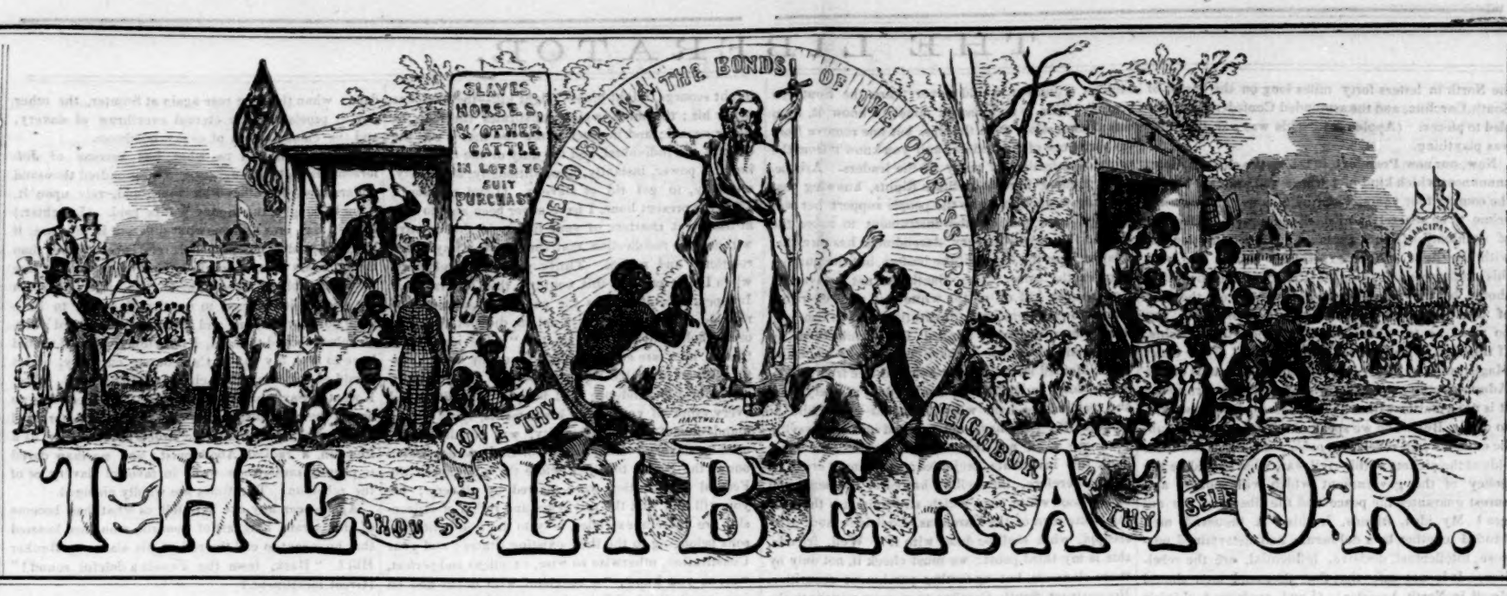
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. R. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Selections.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

We take from our exchanges the following sketches of the late President's characteristics of mind, heart and life:

HIS BENIGNITY.

Well did he remember the impression made on his mind on the occasion of his first visit to Mr. Lincoln in his private room at the White House. Just as he entered he met, coming out, a widowed mother, bidding in her arms a little child; and turning his eyes at the moment to the direction in which the President was, the first look he caught was the sorrowfulness of his parting smile to that poor woman and her orphan child. The last look he saw upon that face, grown grand by great emotions, great principles, great purposes, great trusts, great hope, and great will, was when he stood before his fellow-citizens, at the well-known upper window of the White House, and with two glimmering tapers casting light upon his well-considered written declaration of leniency toward the people of those States whom our arms had humbled, spoke in the name and in the voice of our whole people the words of peace, benediction, and welcome home. Was it not a beautiful Providence that thus his public life should have ended, and that he should have passed away from this nation as a father of his people, opening the wide door with the words, "Welcome home!"

HIS MANNERS.

No one who approached him, whether as minister or messenger, felt impelled either to stoop or to kneel in his presence. He was neither awed by assumption nor disgusted by vulgarity. He was never constrained nor uneasy in whatever presence, and he imposed no constraint nor ceremony on others. Every one found him easy of access, yet no one felt encouraged to take undue liberties. Mr. Lincoln, one of the best bred, most refined, and courteous of our countrymen, after observing his bearing among the cabinet and foreign ministers, the governors, senators, generals, and notables collected at the Gettysburg celebration, pronounced him the peer in deportment of any one present. Assuming that to be the fact, it is probably due to no circumstance that he alone never thought of manners, nor how he or any one else was appearing to others. His mind was intent on matters of wider and more enduring consequences.—*N. Y. Tribune*

HIS INTELLECTUAL POWER.

I can never forget, and have often narrated, an incident which took place in New York, when Judge Douglas became a candidate for reëlection to the Senate, and when he was opposed by the republicans and by the whole force of the Buchanan administration. It was in the spring of 1858, when I called on the judge, who was then staying, with his friend Douglas, at the St. Nicholas hotel. He was preparing for his canvass with great zeal, and knew that he had a hard struggle before him. The intelligence had just reached him that his republican competitor would be Abraham Lincoln. While waiting that this fact only added to his own doubts of the result, he seemed to be flattered that his opponents had put forward their best man. Holding up Mr. Lincoln's well-known, and, for a long time, much abused, but not the less prophetic, speech in his hand—that speech in which he shocked the slave-lords by declaring that this nation must be "all free or all slave"—with this remarkable production in his hand, he proceeded to pay a high tribute to Mr. Lincoln. He said he was the leading mind of his party, the most difficult man to meet in a match on the stump, and the most skillful and thoughtful statesman of his school. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the resulting debate between these two intellectual wrestlers. If it ended in making Douglas Senator, it placed in bold relief before the nation the future President of the United States.—*J. W. Forney.*

MR. LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

The following is President Lincoln's brief speech at the consecration of the Gettysburg Cemetery—of which Goldwin Smith very justly said, "No king could have expressed himself more royally."

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that their nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

MR. LINCOLN'S SADNESS.

Mr. D. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the picture of "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," contributes to the N. Y. *Independent* his "Personal Impressions of Mr. Lincoln," embodying some interesting reminiscences. He says:

It has been the business of my life, as you know, to study the human face; and I say now, as I have said repeatedly to friends, Mr. Lincoln had the saddest face I ever painted! During some of the dark days of last spring and summer, I saw him at times when his careworn, troubled appearance was enough to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of his most violent enemies. I recall particularly one day, when, having occasion to pass through the main hall of the domestic apartments, I found him all alone, pacing up and down a narrow passage, his hands behind him, his head bent forward upon his breast, heavy black rings under his eyes, showing sleepless nights—altogether such a picture of the effects of weighty cares and responsibilities as I never had seen.

And yet he always had a kind word, and almost always a genial smile, and it was his way frequently to relieve himself at such times by some harmless pleasantry. I recollect an instance told me by one of the most radical members of the last Congress. It was during the darkest days of 1862. He called upon the President early one morning, just after news of a disaster. It was a time of great anxiety, if not despondency. Mr. Lincoln commenced telling some trifling incident—which the Congressman was in no mood to hear. He rose to his feet and said, "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." Instantly the smile disappeared from Mr. Lincoln's face, who exclaimed, "A——, sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now, that, were it not for this occasional vent, I should die!"

ONE OF MR. LINCOLN'S LATEST LETTERS.

Recently, General Van Alen, of New York, wrote to the President to ask him not to expose his life unnecessarily, as he had done at Richmond, and assuring him of the earnest desire of all his countrymen to close the war he had so successfully conducted. After acknowledging the receipt of the letter, the President replied April 14, the day of his death, and said:—

"I intend to adopt the advice of my friends, and use due precaution. * * * * I thank you for the assurance you give me, that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself, in the efforts I may make to restore the Union, so as to make it, to use your language, a Union of hearts and hands as well as of States.

Yours, truly, A. LINCOLN."

PRES. LINCOLN'S PRESENTIMENT OF HIS DEATH.

The communication below is from Rev. Dr. Kirk to the Boston *Journal*:—

A great and good man has fallen! Let the nation mourn. But let it trust in God—as he did. This result was not unexpected by him. He may not have looked for it from the hand of an assassin, but he felt sure that his life would end with the war, long ago. He told me "that he was certain he could not outlast the rebellion." It was in last July. As you remember, there was a discussion then among the Republican leaders. Many of his best friends had deserted him, and were talking of an opposition convention to nominate another candidate; and universal gloom was among the people. The North was tired of the war, and supposed an honorable peace was attainable. Mr. Lincoln knew it was not—that any peace at that time would be only disunion. Speaking of it, he said:

"I have faith in the people. They will not consent to disunion. The danger is, they are misled. Let them know the truth, and the country is safe."

He looked haggard and careworn, and further on in the interview I remarked on his appearance, saying:

"You are wearing yourself out with hard work."

"I can't work less," he answered; "but it isn't that—work never troubles me. Things look badly, and I can't avoid anxiety. Personally, I care nothing about a reëlection; but if our divisions defeat us, I fear for the country."

When I suggested that Right *must* eventually triumph—that I had never despaired of the result, he said:

"Neither have I; but I may not live to see it. I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over, my work will be done."

It *is* over and his work *is* done; how well done impartial history will tell.

AN INCIDENT.

The *National Intelligencer* mentions, as among those significant things which often look like inspirations, and that frequently attend the latter days of noted men, an affecting fact connected with the deceased President. While on his recent trip to Richmond, he amused himself with reading Shakspeare, and often to the friends about him. He twice read aloud, and called the attention of those about him to the well-known lines which Macbeth, in his remorse, utters about the traitorously murdered Duncan:

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason hath done its worst; nor steal, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"

ANOTHER PRESENTIMENT.

I, learned, yesterday, of a presentiment of Mr. Lincoln's death that has now a melancholy interest. A gentleman of this city, quite intimate with the President's family, visited Mrs. Lincoln three weeks ago last Saturday. Mrs. Lincoln spoke of her desire to visit Europe, and the intention of Mr. Lincoln at one time to have made the tour. She said that, in speaking of the European tour a few days before, the President said in a very melancholy tone, "You can visit Europe, but I never shall." On asking him the reason, he replied that something told him he should never visit the Old Country. Mrs. Lincoln added that she felt very strangely about her husband; that till lately she had never had any fears concerning him; but now she had a presentiment that there was some great calamity hanging over him. She did not think he would live till the close of his term. She had done everything to shake off the impression, but the gloom thickened. This conversation was held a fortnight before the President's death. How tragically this presentiment has been fulfilled, a sorrowing nation can tell.

BURLEIGH.

LAST HOURS OF THE PRESIDENT.

As everything pertaining to the last hours of the late President must be interesting to the public, the following incidents of the last day of his life have been obtained from several sources:

His son, Capt. Lincoln, breakfasted with him on Friday morning, having just returned from the capitulation of Lee, and the President passed a happy hour, listening to all the details. While at breakfast, he heard that Speaker Colfax was in the house, and sent word that he wished to see him immediately in the reception room. He conversed with him nearly an hour about his future policy as to the rebellion, which he was about to submit to his Cabinet. Afterward he had an interview with Mr. Hale, Minister to Spain, and several Senators and Representatives.

At eleven o'clock the Cabinet and Gen. Grant met with him, and in one of the most satisfactory Cabinet meetings held since his first inauguration, the future policy of the Administration was harmoniously and unanimously agreed upon. When it adjourned, Secretary Stanton said he felt that the Government was stronger than at any previous period since the rebellion commenced.

In the afternoon, the President had a long and pleasant interview with Gen. Oglesby, Senator Yates, and other leading citizens of his State. In the evening, Mr. Colfax called again, at his request; and Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, who presided over the Chicago Convention of 1860, was present. To them he spoke of his visit to Richmond, and when they stated that there was much uneasiness at the North while he was at the rebel capital, for fear some traitor might shoot him, he replied jocularly, that he would have been alarmed himself if any other person had been President, and gone there, but that he did not feel that he was in any danger whatever.

Conversing on a matter of business with Mr. Ashmun, he made a remark that he saw Mr. Ashmun was surprised at, and immediately, with his well-known kindness of heart, said: "You did not understand me, Ashmun. I did not mean what you inferred, and I will take it all back, and apologize for it." He also gave Mr. Ashmun a card to admit himself and friend early next morning to converse further about it.

Turning to Mr. Colfax, he said: "You are going with me and Mrs. Lincoln to the theatre, I hope"; but Mr. Colfax had other engagements, expecting to leave the city the next morning. He then said to Mr. Colfax, "Mr. Sumner has the gavel of the Confederate Congress which he got at Richmond, to hand to the Secretary of War, but I insisted then that he must give it to you. Tell him for me to hand it over." Mr. Ashmun alluded to the gavel which he still had, and which he had used at the Chicago Convention; and the President and Mrs. Lincoln, who was also in the parlor, rose to go to the theatre. It was half an hour after the time they had intended to start, and they spoke about waiting half an hour longer, and the President started with much reluctance, as Gen. Grant had gone North, but he did not wish the people to be disappointed, as they had both been advertised to be there.

At the door he stopped and said: "Colfax, do not forget to tell the people in the mining regions, as you pass through them, what I told you this morning about the development when peace comes, and I will telegraph you at San Francisco." He shook hands with both gentlemen with a pleasant "good by," and left the Executive mansion, never to return to it alive.

MR. BEECHER ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MURDER.

On the 23d of April, Mr. Beecher discoursed in Plymouth church on the murder of President Lincoln. The sermon surpassed all his previous efforts in the pulpit, and we regret that we can give only only the following extracts:

Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people since November, 1860? His horizon had been black with storms by day and by night; he has trod the way of danger and of darkness; on his shoulder rested a Government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking at home, and upon this Government foreign eyes lowered. It stood on a lone island in the sea, full of storms, and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impatient natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with mercurial natures in hours of defeat to such depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fidelity, putting caution against hope that it might not be premature, and hope against caution that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire. At last, the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country; the mountains began to give their forms forth out of darkness, and the East came rushing towards us with arms full of joy for all our sorrow. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly that he had sorrowed unmeasurably. Peace could bring no heart such joy, such rest, such honor, trust and gratitude. He but looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land, and then the wail of the nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul! Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we yet are on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep and the storm upon the land. Days of duty and nights of watching, but thou art sphered high above all darkness, far beyond all sorrow and weariness! Rest, weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast enough suffered! Thou hast beheld Him who, invisibly, hath led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect; around thee are the royal men that have ennobled life in every age, and the coronet of glory on thy brow as a diadem of joy is upon thee forevermore! Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thy infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the cloud. In the goodly company of Mount Zion, thou shalt find that rest that thou hast sorrowing sought; and thy name, an everlasting name in Heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain to revere truth, fidelity and goodness.

* * * * * *

Slavery began in a wanton destruction of all human rights, in the desecration of all the sanctities of home, and was the universal enemy of mankind, and it could hardly be maintained at the sacrifice of every moral feeling in its abettors and upholders. The problem was solved, that slavery wasted its victim, destroyed public morality, and the men living under its influence were rotten, and could not be trusted. Nor can you find timber, grown in its accursed soil of perdition, that is fit to build the ship of State, or lay foundations for housebolds. The patriotism that grows up under this blight, when put to proof, is selfish and brutal; and he that leans on it shall be pierced. The honor that grows up in the midst of slavery is not honor, but a bastard quality that usurps the place of its better only to disgrace the name of honor. And as long as there is conscience, or reason, or Christianity, the honor that slavery begets will be a byword and a hissing. The whole moral nature of man, reared to familiarity and connivance with slavery, was death-smitten. The needless rebellion, the treachery of its leaders to oaths and solemn trusts, their violation of the commonest principles of fidelity, sitting in councils only to be betrayed and destroyed, and the unparalleled cruelty to prisoners, without provocation and utterly without excuse, showed that slavery was a deadly poison. There were single exceptions to this remark; but they were men who did not believe in the "institution." Slavery was barbarity, and the nation that cherished it was barbarous. It was fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with invincible determination that the breeding ground of such mischiefs and monsters shall be utterly and forever destroyed. We needed not that he should put on paper, that he believed in slavery who, with treason, with murder and with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy life. He was himself but the long sting with which slavery struck at liberty, and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery. And as long as this nation lasts, it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyred President. Never, never, while time lasts, while heaven lasts, while hell reeks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery, by its minions, slew him, made manifest its whole nature and tendency.

* * * * * *

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming, cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful, as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his pæans; your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on! Four years ago, oh Illinois, we took from thy midst an untried man, and from among the people; we return him to thee a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him peace, oh ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

SPEECH OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

Delivered at Washington on the receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond, on the 3d of April.

The Hon. Andrew Johnson, Vice President of the United States, was discovered in the crowd, and upon being vociferously called for, was introduced by Mr. Wetmore, military agent from the State of Ohio.

The Vice President expressed his thanks for the fervid reception accorded to him by the vast crowd, and said:

"As I have been introduced, I will make one or two remarks, for I feel that no one would be justified in attempting to make an address on such an occasion, when the excitement is justly at so great a height.

"We are now, my friends, winding up a rebellion, a great effort that has been made by bad men to overthrow the Government of the United States, a government founded upon free principles, and cemented by the best blood of the Revolution. [Cheers.] You must indulge me in making one single remark in connection with myself. At the time that the traitors in the Senate of the United States plotted against the Government, and entered into a conspiracy, more foul, more execrable, and more odious than that of Catiline against the Romans, I happened to be a member of that body, and, as to loyalty, stood solitary and alone among the Senators from the Southern States. I was then and there called upon to know what I would do with such traitors, and I want to repeat my reply here. I said, if we had an Andrew Jackson, he would hang them as high as Haman. [Cheers.] But as he was no more, and sleeps in his own beloved State, where traitors and treason have even insulted his tomb and the very earth that covers his remains, humble as I am, when you ask me what I would do, my reply is, I would arrest them; I would try them; I would convict them; and I would hang them. [Prolonged cheers.] As humble as I am and have been, I have pursued but one undeviating course. All that I have—life, limb, and property—have been put at the disposal of the country in this great struggle. I have been in camp, I have been in the field, I have been everywhere where this great rebellion was, I have pursued it until I believe I can now see its termination. Since the world began, there never has been a rebellion of such gigantic proportions, so infamous in character, so diabolical in motive, so entirely disregardful of the laws of civilized war. It has introduced the most savage mode of warfare ever practised upon the earth. I will repeat here a remark, for which I have been in no small degree censured. What is it, allow me to ask, that has sustained the nation in this great struggle? The cry has been, you know, that our government was not strong enough for a time of rebellion; that in such a time she would have to contend against internal weakness as well as internal foes. We have now given the world evidence that such is not the fact; and when the rebellion shall have been crushed out, and the nation shall have once again settled down in peace, our government will rest upon a more enduring basis than ever before. [Cheers.] But, my friends, in what has the great strength of this Government consisted? Has it been in one man power? Has it been in some autocrat, or in some one man who held absolute Government? No! I thank God that I have it in my power to proclaim the great truth that this government has derived its strength from the American people. They have issued the edict; they have exercised the power that has resulted in the overthrow of the rebellion, and there is not another Government upon the face of the earth that could have withstood the shock.

We can now congratulate ourselves that we possess the strongest, the freest, and the best nation that the world ever saw. [Applause.] Thank God that we have lived through the trials, and that, looking in your intelligent faces here to-day, I can announce to you the great fact that Petersburg, the outpost of the strong citadel, has been occupied by our brave and gallant officers, and our untiring, invincible soldiers. [Great cheering.] And not content with that, they have captured the citadel itself, the strong hold of traitors. Richmond is ours, and is now occupied by the forces of the United States. [Tremendous cheers.] Her gates have been entered, and the glorious stars and stripes, the emblem of Union, of power, and of supremacy, now float over the enemy's capitol! [Great cheering.] In the language of another, let the old flag rise higher and higher, until it meets the sun in his coming, and let the parting day linger to play upon its ample folds. [Cheers.] It is the flag of your country; it is your flag, it is my flag, and it bids defiance to all the nations of the earth, and to the encroachments of all these powers combined. [Renewed cheering.] It is not my intention to make any imprudent remarks or allusions, but the hour will come when those nations that exhibited toward us such insolence and improper interference in the midst of our adversity, and, as they supposed, of our weakness, will learn that this is a government of the people, possessing power enough to make itself felt and respected. In the midst of our rejoicing, we must not forget to drop a tear for those gallant fellows who have shed their blood that their government might triumph. We cannot forget them when we view the many battle-fields of the war, the new made graves, our maimed friends and relatives, who have left their limbs, as it were, on the enemy's soil, and others who have been consigned to their houses with no winding sheet but their blankets saturated with their blood.

One word more, and I have done. It is this: I am in favor of leniency; but, in my opinion, evil doers should be punished. [Cries of "that's so!"] Treason is the highest crime known in the catalogue of crimes; and for him that is guilty of it—for him that is willing to lift his impious hand against the authority of the nation—I would say, death is too easy a punishment. [Loud cheers.] My notion is that treason must be made odious, that traitors must be punished and impoverished, their social power broken, and they must be made to feel the penalty of their crimes. You, my friends, have traitors in your very midst, and treason needs rebuke and punishment here as well as elsewhere. It is not the men in the field who are the greatest traitors. It is the men who have encouraged them to imperil their lives, while they themselves have remained at home expending their means and exerting all their powers to overthrow the Government. Hence I say this—"The halter to intelligent, influential traitors." [Loud cheers.] But to the honest boy and the deluded man who have been deceived into the rebel ranks, I would extend leniency. I would say, return to your allegiance, renew your support to the Government, and become a good citizen; but the leaders I would hang. [Great cheering.] I hold that wealthy traitors should be made to remunerate those men who have suffered as a consequence of their crimes—Union men who have lost their property, who have been driven from their homes, beggars and wanderers among strangers. It is well to talk about these things here to-day in addressing the well informed persons who compose this audience. You can, to a very great extent, aid in moulding public opinion, and in giving it a proper direction. Let us commence the work. We have put down these traitors in arms; let us put them down in law, in public judgment, and in the morals of the world. [Great cheers.] Permit me now to propose three cheers for the capture of Richmond."

Three times three cheers were given with immense enthusiasm, when three cheers were proposed for the Vice President, and given with hearty good will.

Vice President Johnson then suggested three cheers for "our brave officers and men who have achieved these great results," and they were given with great unction.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

It makes little difference that Edwin M. Stanton has many and bitter enemies, so long as he has the Nation itself for a friend. Mr. Stanton's acts, when he first entered the Cabinet, were persistently misrepresented, the patriotism of his motives was denied, and his whole administration denounced as tyrannical and inefficient. There has been a revolution in his favor. The people have put down the slanderer and the partizan, and the Secretary of War stands securely in our gratitude and respect. The splendor of the great victories of the last year falls upon his administration, and shows it to be spotless. He has made no mistakes. He has organized victory, and we are now reaping the benefits of his tremendous energy, and his invaluable co-operation with our great generals. In our history he will have place with the permanently great men of the Republic. When the war began, a distinguished soldier said to us in a Washington grave yard, "More great men are buried here, than are living to-day in America." Since that early period of our troubles, the vast work has called out men worthy of it, and among the statesmen of imperishable fame, Edwin M. Stanton will henceforth be recorded.

We quote from the New York *Times* the following admirable acknowledgment of the great work the Secretary of War has done:

"There is no one member of the Cabinet about whom public opinion has been so surely, though gradually changing, as in regard to the Secretary of War. The faults which appeared in the beginning of his administration—his impulsiveness in public action, and his sometimes harsh treatment of individuals—are being forgotten in the splendor of his successes and the integrity of his administration. If Mr. Stanton is impulsive now, it is always on the side of liberty against oppression, or it is against some gigantic crimes, or in his eagerness to throw his own tremendous force of character and mind into military movements which seem to him sluggish or hesitating.

His acts of revolutionary energy and arbitrary power are not confined to punishing petty traitors, but to the arrest and punishment of more conspicuous criminals in peculiar crises of affairs. His prompt removal of General Butler, and his immediate renewal of the attack on Wilmington, were grand and successful instances of his 'revolutionary energy.' The recent prompt but most trenchant statement of the grounds of General Sherman's negotiations shows Mr. Stanton's intellectual force and his deep earnestness in the national cause in the best light. We believe the whole country felt a certain sense of relief and security, when that manifesto appeared, at the thought of two such vigorous hands at the helm as Mr. Stanton's and Mr. Johnson's.

But the highest glory of the Secretary of War, on the page of history, will be his remarkable powers of organization and the entire integrity of his administration.

When we call to mind what, for instance, the organization of the English campaign in the Crimea was, when the armies were only a few miles from a water base, and the problem was for the greatest naval power of the world to feed and clothe and medically care for 30,000 men; the inextricable confusion and want of rations, of stores, clothes, and medicine, the sufferings of those brave men from this most stupid want of business capacity in the officials, until the Crimean campaign became a spectacle to the world for its misery and stupidity, and then reflect that, for four years, Mr. Stanton and his officials have been feeding, clothing, arming, and taking medical care of some 800,000 men each year, transporting them with great rapidity thousands of miles on sea and on land, and that no instance has occurred of short supplies or irregular transportation, of deficient clothing or arming, or (on any large scale) of a want of medical supplies, everything seeming to be just where it was needed, we must admit that somewhere in our military service there must have been a great organizing brain.

More than this; never, we believe, were such vast sums of money spent so honestly and economically, so far as the department could control the expenditure. Contractors who have dealt with the Secretary and his immediate subordinates will confess that very little has been made out of the Government, either honestly or otherwise in this war. And not the bitterest enemy of Mr. Stanton can ever charge him with the slightest taint of corruption or venality in his high office. Handling hundreds of millions every year, he has never incurred even the suspicion of appropriating a dollar to himself.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

No public man since the outbreak of the rebellion has been more reticent than Mr. Holt. He seems to have been content with discharging the responsible and trying duties of Judge Advocate General, without taking part in merely political controversies, and although frequently solicited to speak to the people, and gifted with the rarest eloquence and intellectual resources, he has steadily refrained. Hence, when such a man goes out of his way to speak on great issues, his counsels are well worth reading and remembering, and hence, too, when he uses the language of eulogy, it may be regarded as deservedly bestowed. His reference to Secretary Stanton is all the more just, in view of a recent incident. We refer to the prompt manner in which, when the unfortunate negotiations between Sherman and Johnston were laid before the people, Mr. Stanton presented in brief terms the simplest and strongest replies that could be made to them. The nine propositions exposing the seven conditions of the so-called "basis of peace"—terse, strong, and well-considered—have furnished arguments to all men, and were particularly valuable coming at a time when the whole country was astounded by the extraordinary announcement that General Sherman was willing to give more to the rebels than they themselves had asked, and almost to conclude a peace without first consulting his Government. Had not Secretary Stanton published this information, we should have had the disloyal men justifying the understanding between Sherman and Johnston, and thus a party would have been raised which it would have been necessary to contend with and difficult to put down. It is to the characteristic promptitude, energy, courage, and high-souled patriotism of Secretary Stanton that we are indebted for this, as we have been for many other exhibitions of devotion to his country.—*Philadelphia Press.*

GEN. LEE — THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

With unspeakable mortification we copy the following account of a visit by a deputation of the U. S. Christian Commission to Robert E. Lee, late General in the service of the Rebellion:

"Being assured that a visit to Gen. Lee would be well received, a detachment of the U. S. Christian Commission, consisting of seven, called at his door, and his son, Gen. Custis Lee, appeared; when I said to him that we had called to *pay our respects to Gen. Robert E. Lee.* Being soon seated in a dining-room, without any cover on an extension dining-table, the general soon was ushered in by his son and announced. I arose by previous arrangement, and said to him that I had been a soldier, and *called to pay my respects to him as a soldier, and advanced to take his hand;* but he made no response, and then I introduced Dr. Parker of Boston, and all the party in succession.

We all soon arose, and *Dr. Parker said to him that we were on a humane mission, and hoped he sympathized with it.* He said that he did, and continued, 'that these associations had done much good, and he hoped they would continue their efforts.' He then gave us all his hand very cordially, calling us all by name as we parted, with the best of wishes. He and his staff were dressed in Confederate gray."

We do not know who "Dr. Parker of Boston" may be, nor who the other six Christian Commissioners were; but this we know, that if they truly represent the Christian Commission, then the Christian Commission does *not* truly represent the loyal North, which sent that Commission into the field, and hitherto has supported it by generous contributions.

The letter from which we have quoted above is credited to the *Worcester Spy*, and was written by one of the Lee delegation. Its statements must be taken as authentic, and they show that this was not a missionary visit, but a visit of compliment and respect to Gen. Robert E. Lee! "Being assured that a visit to Gen. Lee would be well received, a detachment of the U. S. Christian Commission, consisting of seven, called at his door, and his son, Gen. Custis Lee, appeared; when I said to him that we had called to *pay our respects* to Gen. Robert E. Lee!"

"Respects" from the Christian Commission to Lee! What is the Christian Commission, and who is Lee? The Commission was organized in aid of the Sanitary Commission, to carry relief to our sick and wounded soldiers, accompanied by the ministrations of religion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been poured into its treasury in aid of this work, and now the agents paid from that treasury forsake the hospital, abandon the bedside of the dying Union soldiers in Richmond, to pay a visit of "respect" to Robert E. Lee!

Who is Lee? He is the man whose military talent kept the rebellion alive for four years. He is the man who more than any other is responsible for the death of every Union soldier killed in battle. And he is the man who starved to death sixty-four thousand Union prisoners whom the fortune of war had put into his hands. That is the man to whom a delegation of the Christian Commission pays a visit of "respect."

We are tired and sick of the folly which makes a hero of this blood-stained traitor. In our view, he is the guiltiest man in all the Confederacy. He was not hurried into treason by the frenzy which possessed many Southern men at the outbreak of the war, but he deliberately *chose* to be a traitor, with full consciousness of the enormity of the crime he was about to commit. He became the foremost soldier of the rebellion, its military leader, as Davis was its political leader; and any time during the last two years, he had the power to control the whole military policy of the Confederacy. During those two years it was that the starving of Union prisoners became a system, and the horrors of Libby, of Belle Isle, of Andersonville, and of Salisbury were enacted. No man doubts now that neglect, hardship, starvation, and cruelty of every kind were adopted as a *policy* by the rebel leaders, in order either to compel an exchange, or to prevent enlistments in the North. Necessarily, Lee knew of that policy, knew the horrors of the rebel prisons, knew the purpose and the method of his associates. There is no evidence that he did not suggest and promote this scheme of starvation; but whether he did or not, he became its defender by never objecting to it, and by never using the power which he possessed to stop it. He, therefore, is wholly responsible for the sixty-four thousand deaths which he might have prevented. He is a cold-blooded, cruel, treacherous man, combining in himself many of the worst traits of the Southern character, and loaded beyond all other men with the infamy of the cruel warfare which the rebellion conducted—with the massacre of negro troops, as well as the starving of white troops. Yet to him the delegates of the Christian Commission pay their "respects."

Let us hasten to note that Lee received these flunkeys with the contempt they deserved. We hope to be able to add in our next issue that the respectable and hitherto noble association whom they disgraced has discharged them from its service. And still further, we trust this and a few other similar acts will open the eye of the North to the true character of the rebel with whom it has been a sort of wretched fashion in some quarters to affect a sympathy.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1865.

NEW ENGLAND A. S. CONVENTION.

The Annual *New England Anti-Slavery Convention* will be held in Boston, at the MELODEON, on Wednesday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Questions of great importance and interest, in relation to the final Abolition of Slavery in the United States, will doubtless come before the Convention. All the old members of it, and all persons interested, are invited to attend.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

EDMUND QUINCY, *President.*

R. F. WALLCUT, } *Secretaries.*
SAML. MAY, Jr., }

THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[Phonographically reported by JAS. M. W. YERRINTON.]

The American Anti-Slavery Society celebrated its Thirty-Second Anniversary by a public meeting at the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday morning last, May 9th. There was a very large gathering of the members and friends of the Society, the church, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, being crowded beyond the capacity of its seats, many standing in the aisles during the protracted exercises. Very many of the old and long-tried friends of the slave were present, some of whom had come with the expectation that this would be the last meeting of the Society, and rejoicing that, their work consummated, they could put off their armor, furl their banners, and sing the pæans of victory.

"More than they hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and worn,
They saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold, gray pathway of the morn."

They "see of the travail of their souls, and are satisfied." Others, if less sanguine, still not less thankful for the marvellous work already accomplished, and earnest to continue the conflict until, in fact as in law, the clank of not one chain shall vex the air of regenerated America.

On the platform were seated the President of the Society, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Hon. George Thompson, Samuel May, Jr., Rev. John T. Sargeant, Robert Purvis, Thos. Garrett, J. Miller McKim, Oliver Johnson, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, and Mrs. Frances W. Harper.

The exercises commenced with a voluntary on the organ, which was followed by Mrs. Howe's stirring "Hymn of the Republic," to the air of the John Brown Song, in the chorus of which the audience joined, with thrilling effect. Appropriate selections of Scripture were then read by Mr. Garrison, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel May, Jr. The hymn commencing—

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,"—

was then sung by the choir, at the conclusion of which Mr. Phillips addressed the audience as follows:

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am sorry to say that, as you perceive, I am laboring under a heavy cold, and not able to make a speech. I come upon the platform chiefly in order to redeem the pledge which the advertisement makes in announcing me as one of the speakers at this meeting; and you will be considerate of the feeble voice in which I address you, and allow me to make, not a speech, but one or two statements, which seem to me important to be taken into consideration by Abolitionists at the present hour.

Everything on this platform is looked at in the light of the rights and interest of the colored race. It is as Abolitionists, specially, that we meet here, and therefore the general duties of citizenship are to be subordinated to the special duty of Abolitionists. What I say, therefore, is simply in regard to the next national step, as affecting the security of the colored man in his newly-got liberty. Governments are not made, they grow; and the seeds or elements out of which they derive their strength are the real guarantees of the rights specially recognized in parchments and constitutions. Now, if the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the Constitution shall pass, as we confidently trust, the parchment will recognize the liberty of the negro. Our duty to-day, it seems to me, as Americans and clear-sighted Abolitionists, is, in the re-formation of the elements of the State, to see to it that the great forces of society guarantee the right recognized by the parchment. That is the great duty which the present hour brings to us. No freedom is real, and no emancipation is effectual, unless, so far as we have the power, we arrange the forces of society, which underlie law, so that they may secure its execution. That is the text.

Now, what light do the events of the last four years throw upon it? The military chapter of the struggle is closing. What lesson does it teach us? We have tried war in two shapes; and if I take two individuals as the representatives of these two forms of war, I shall make my meaning plainer, while I do no injustice to either. The first national purpose was incarnated in the idea that the South was not angered, but misled; that she was not hostile, but simply wayward; that she loved the Union as much as we did, but merely took an odd way of showing it (laughter); that, misled and mistaken, our object was, by magnanimity and forbearance, by the exhibition of strength without the use of it, to win her back from her error. At the head of that idea we placed McClellan. The exhibition of strength without using it; the idea that no crime was intended, but only misinformation lay at the basis of Southern action. That form of war was evidenced by slaves sent back to their masters; by a proclamation that we should put down insurrection with an iron hand; by a guard set over the empty house of Gen. Lee, while dying men lay in the swamp outside, under the storm and the sunshine; by a guard set over the spring in his garden that gave the only decent water within five miles, while fevered soldiers died of thirst within sight of the a guard set over his deserted garden, so that the wounded man was carried half a mile round out to the swamp to die, in order that the sacred enclosure might not be desecrated by the step of a Union soldier! Did it do any good? The South hugged herself in the delusion that the North either had no strength or dared not use it; and what had been the scattered elements of insurrection grew solid into a State; what had been a comparatively despicable shape of rebellion enlarged into the dimensions of civil war. Two years rolled away, and the curtain rose on another aspect of Northern purpose. Sherman sweeps like a tornado across Georgia, leaving desolation behind him, but, at the same time, holding the thunderbolt of vengeance in a merciful and restrained hand. One day, he crosses Sister's Ferry, and sets his feet on South Carolina. He sees before him eleven of his foragers, placed side by side on the green sward, with their throats cut, and pinned upon their breasts, "Death to every forager!" Thereupon he spreads the wings of his desolating host forty miles wide; burns, wherever he can reach them, the magnificent forests which make the wealth of that region; leaves behind him neither town nor village, neither house, nor barn, nor fence, neither fowl nor four-footed beast, nor, men and women excepted, any living thing, of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigns where he has trod. In this guise he sweeps up to Greensboro'. Behind him follow twenty-two thousand houseless beggars, craving of their conqueror the mercy of their daily bread. They were the men and the women who, a year ago, sat in proud houses, sure that the North either had not strength or was afraid to use it. Sherman wrote with the sword's point the purpose and the power of the North in letters forty miles long on the bosom of South Carolina, and the astounded Confederacy crumbled to pieces. (Applause.) This was war, the other was plaything.

Now, our new President, in taking the chair of State, announces which kind of purpose will animate him in the coming four years, when he tells us "treason is a crime to be severely punished, not a mere difference of opinion." (Loud applause.) The question is, with the light of that experience behind us, with this announcement from the Presidential chair, what should be the manifestation of opinion on the part of the people to consummate the work? I say no word as to what should be done to assassins. If the hand of Davis is red with the blood of our Chief Magistrate, we must leave him in the hands of the Administration, and to the wisdom of the government; it is not a matter with which we, as Abolitionists, have to deal. But when we speak of the great mass of public enemies (not rebels, but *public enemies*) on the other side of the pickets of this civil war, what should be the policy of the government which will soonest and surest guarantee the peace and the liberty of the negro? My idea, friends, is this. A thousand men banded together by a deliberate and determined purpose, intellectual, decisive, influential, are the rebellion. It is not safe that that thousand men should dwell in North America. (Loud applause.) Living or dead, here is no place for them. Men say, "A jury has no right to banish a citizen." Very likely. I never intended to try a public enemy by a jury. I should as soon think of Gov. Hancock and Gen. Warren empannelling a jury on Bunker Hill to try a redcoat who had shot down one of their fellow-citizens. (Applause.) The idea of a jury empannelled to try Jefferson Davis as a traitor would be to me, in the language of the age of Shakspeare, "a most lamentable and tragical comedy." (Laughter.) I should as soon try adders by a jury, and claim the benefit of *habeas corpus* for rattlesnakes. (Applause and laughter.) For four years, the Supreme Court and the U. S. Executive proclaimed, in word and deed, by proclamations of belligerency and blockade, by exchange of prisoners, by solemn judgments, that the men on the other side of the picket line were public enemies. I would have an act of Congress that should select out a thousand men, the leading men of the South, and proclaim to the world that they are alien enemies, and that this sovereign nation, which has a right by all law, national and international, to forbid any foreigner from treading its soil, hereby forbids, under pain of death, any one of these men being found within the limits of the United States of America (loud applause); an Act of Congress, under the War Power, with no reference to treason, founded on the laws of war. *Public enemies*, whom Congress refuses to naturalize, holding, as Congress does, in its own hands, the exclusive power to naturalize an enemy into a citizen. Of course, when I banish these men, their property falls into the hands of the government. I would add to it the property of a thousand or two thousand more, the subaltern agents, the subordinate actors in this great conspiracy, not strong enough to need that they should be banished, but strong enough to need that they should be crippled. Having thus in my hands the land of the States, I should give it to the loyal white men and black men who are ready to occupy it (loud applause); and I have thus secured one element that gives effect to the parchment recognition of liberty—Land.

Now for the other political power—the Ballot. In Revolutionary times, every man in this country, black and white, who was born free, (except in South Carolina,) voted—with the limitation, in some of the States, of a property qualification. Our fathers were too wise to require book learning as a preliminary condition of the ballot. I am surprised, and marvel greatly, that so masterly a mind as Stuart Mill should proclaim that a man must read before he votes. Does he not remember that, for four men out of five, education does not come from books? Does he suppose there was no education in the world before printing was invented? Is education the exclusive prerogative of colleges? Oh, no. The masses of men have their faculties educated by work, not by reading. When God ordained as a condition of our being, that we should earn our living in the sweat of our brows, he gave the guarantee of the development of brain. Whoever works, develops his intellectual faculties; and taking men in the mass, not as individuals, taking them in classes, the mass that works, but don't read, is half a century ahead of the mass that reads, but don't work (applause); and this is one reason why the negro is half a century ahead of the poor white man of the Southern States. The other is, that the poor white at the South neither read nor worked. The negro inherits a brain which work has cultivated for four generations, and he has added to it the skill of a practised hand. The white man inherits a brain sodden by the idleness of four generations, and he has improved his birthright by a life of idleness, his hands used to neither toil nor books. The consequence is, that to-day, if the soldier or the merchant wants advice or counsel, the negro is the only man among the masses who can give him either; and that, fairly considered, the only class ready for suffrage in the South is the negro (applause). In deference to national prejudice, and in consideration of my own race, I would not exclude the white man on account of his ignorance (laughter and applause); but I must remember that while, taking out a few hundred thousand Southern white men, neither the white race nor the black has had book learning, the only class that, as a class, has had the manipulation and development of the practical college of the masses, *work*, is the black man. Infinitely better, if you have but one, is the education of work. I scout, therefore, as irrelevant the whole theory of the limitation of the suffrage on the ground of information. The black knows enough to vote. If he has intellect enough to justify his being hung under our laws, he has enough to entitle him to a voice in making them. As he was summoned to fight for the nation, he has a right to speak on national questions. As Mrs. Harper says, I loathe digging timid white men out of cellars, where they hugged the flag in secret, and marshalling them at the ballot-box, while you shut from it the negro who shed his blood for the flag in the face of day and in the thickest of the fight. I read the circular of a benevolent association which is about rising into existence in this country, and saw that it solicited the benevolence of Christians to elevate "the degraded lack." I stopped there. "The degraded black!" I thought, if anti-slavery men and women, looking back on four years, and seeing that wherever a Union soldier went, he found counsel from black lips; that whenever he wanted sympathy, he found it in a black man's heart; that when Seward doubted whether the war would change the status of a single individual, and McClellan wrote over the flag a pledge to put down insurrection, the black, with a statesmanship born of his native instinct, saw God behind the banner, and clung to it as a hope of freedom (applause)—I thought, if Abolitionists could see that mass, wronged with two centuries of oppression, racked and tortured in every relation of life—husband and father, mother and child—and then, when the weapon was in its hand, and the door open, never struck a blow at the master, teaching us the purest Christianity, and after four years of such experience, Abolitionists could speak of "raising the degraded blacks," they were like the Bourbons, who never forgot anything, nor learned anything. History when she writes these four years of her record, weighing them in her impartial scales, will say that the intelligence and the Christianity of America culminated under a black skin (applause). I would give the blacks, therefore, and the whites also, suffrage. Then I have got the two elements of State in the hands of the people—Land and the Ballot.

Now, friends, it is not true, in the absolute sense, that slavery made this rebellion. The groundwork of the rebellion was the wish of a thousand men for an aristocratic government—a government of caste—a government modelled on the English. They did not dare to declare their purpose. They knew that such an argument would never "fire the Southern heart." This is no guess of mine. I know it, from actual confession, from the lips, but one remove from my ear, of one of the leaders; and you know it from the printed confession of many of the leaders. Aristocracy, mailing herself in State Rights, knowing that her only weapon to make the people support her was slavery, used that as the instrument to rouse the South. The Anti-Slavery Amendment has torn that weapon from the hands of the leaders, but the purpose remains the same. The South is not converted. You cannot kill off all the white men who cherish a hatred toward democratic institutions. You can only flank them, as Grant flanked Lee—flank them by democratic elements—Yankee commerce, black suffrage, divided lands. Grant followed Lee from Washington down to Richmond, flanked him at every step, and reached the hour when he could crush him at Burkesville. We have not reached our Burkesville yet; we shall not these fifteen years. We must flank this inveterate prejudice; we cannot crush it. Now, therefore, the hellish hatred of the negro and of the poor white man which still animates the leading white men of the Carolinas, Louisiana and Mississippi, what shall be done with it? Well, friends, this is my third point: we must check it, not only by these elements, but by further parchment securities. Reconstruct South Carolina to-morrow; suppose she puts on her statute-book a law that no black man is a citizen, that no son of a slave shall ever be a citizen—she can do it. This United States government stands to-day in the abnormal position of not knowing who are its own citizens. The Dred Scott decision developed that fact boldly. We do not know who are the basis of our government; that lies largely with the States. Now, I love State Rights; that doctrine is the corner-stone of individual liberty. Jefferson spoke solemn and pregnant truth when he said that the accident of our having been originally settled in separate colonies was the secret and guarantee of the possibility of a broad and strong but free government on this continent. Within the last thirty years I have proved too often the need and value of State sovereignty to wish to see it destroyed. Prudence is a good quality; avarice is a hateful sin. The doctrine of State Rights, normally considered, is good; carried out to Calhoun's conclusion, it is devilish. I want to check it midway. How shall I do it? In this way: by having another amendment to the Constitution, which shall read thus—"No State shall ever make any distinction in civil privileges among those born on her soil, of parents permanently resident there, on account of race, color or descent." (Applause.) I hope in time to be as bold as Stuart Mill, and add to that clause "sex." (Renewed applause.) But this hour belongs to the negro. As Abraham Lincoln said, "One war at a time"; so I say, One question at a time. This hour belongs to the negro. I therefore want an amendment—not that a State shall make no distinction between her *citizens*—that leaves her to say who is a citizen, and she might say that no son of a slave shall be a citizen—but that she shall make no distinction among persons born on her soil, heretofore, or hereafter, of parents permanently resident there on account of race, color or descent. When, Abolitionists, we have achieved that, we have checkmated all the danger in State Rights, and have put the negro into the full enjoyment of his liberty. Until we do it, we leave him still at the mercy of the race which has hitherto victimized him. When we have done it, I will begin to work for the freedman. When we have given the negro the ballot in his right hand, the land is under his feet, and a State Constitution above him that guarantees him his citizenship, I will then remember that the hoe he has used for four years has nothing left but the ring round the handle; I will remember that every one of his agricultural implements, few as they were, have been rendered useless by four long years of labor, without renewal; I will remember that every horse that Sherman did not take, Wheeler's cavalry stole, so that he begins his new life with neither beast of burden nor a tool; and I will bid the world expect but little of him for a year or two, until the South is reinvigorated. You do not comprehend the devastation of that country. Our troops left nothing living, and theirs left nothing worth stealing behind. But, friends, the beauty of this hour is the race with which we deal. The white man sits there to-day, sullen, sulky, angered, defiant. The black man sits there, loving, Christian, and grateful. To a friend of mine who was in Sherman's ranks, a negro who came to them said, "The soldiers have taken my only two horses, and I have nothing in the world to work with; but, thank God! for massa Sherman gave me my freedom for the horses." (Applause.) It is on that joyous, jubilant, loving spirit that I found the real security of the Union.

Friends, this is the work before us. And, by the good Providence of God, there sits holding the helm to-day, a man who knows, by the bitter experience of his hearth-stone left desolate, of his own wife and children turned homeless into the street, of the halter almost round his own neck, the strength and the bitterness of pro-slavery caste. He announces that treason is a crime, and not a mere difference of opinion, (applause, and cries of "Good";) and to-day, if the telegraph brings the truth, he announces also that the guarantee of the Union is land, and the ballot in the hands of the black man. (Prolonged applause.)

MRS. FRANCES WATKINS HARPER was then introduced, and delivered an admirable address, which we regret that, in deference to her wishes, we are compelled to refrain from reporting. It abounded in passages of rare eloquence, power and pathos, which elicited the warmest tokens of approbation from the audience, who testified their high gratification by repeated rounds of applause as the gifted speaker took her seat.

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE THOMPSON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Among the speakers announced to address this meeting is the name of WM. LLOYD GARRISON, our President; and that we may afford him an opportunity of gratifying those who are doubtless anxious to hear the words of one who has so long labored in the anti-slavery cause, I shall do little more than present myself to this meeting, and ask to be excused from the delivery of a speech. Indeed, sir, I have none to make on this occasion. I feel it is rather my duty, at this time, to hear than to speak; to receive counsel instead of presuming to offer it. I may, however, venture to offer to this vast audience, and more especially to those who have been laborers in the anti-slavery cause, my heartfelt congratulations on the present position of the great question in which they have taken so deep and earnest an interest. Although at the commencement of the war which has now happily terminated, I foresaw clearly not only the maiming and mutilation of slavery, the weakening of its power, and the revelations of its character in its true light, but the ultimate destruction, also, of the hellish system which has been so wide-spread and bitter a curse to this country, I did not anticipate that in so short a time the work would be so thoroughly done, and that to-day, on this, the thirty-second Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the question should not be, what shall be done to get rid of slavery? but, what now should be the conduct of the people of this country and of the government to the millions whom God in his providence has made free? (Applause.) I congratulate America at large, every human being within the limits of this great Republic, upon the events which we are called to celebrate. I am, and ever have been, from the moment that I connected myself with the anti-slavery cause in this country, what is known by the name of a Garrisonian Abolitionist. (Applause.) I was so long before. Years before I ever visited this country, I was engaged in the work of proclaiming on the opposite shores of the Atlantic the principle which was being advocated by the honored President of the American Anti-Slavery Society here—that man is not a creature to be bought and sold—that man can acquire no property, possess no property, and never did have any rightful property in man. (Applause.) The body he might enslave, might scourge, might brand, might kill—the man was never his; the mind, which constitutes the man, he never owned; and in proclaiming also that it was the duty of the individual, and the duty of the State having the power, instantly, unconditionally, absolutely, eternally, to get rid of slavery. (Loud applause.) Unto the present hour, I have never been able to look at the great charters of your liberty in this country without the recollection that they have always been restricted and partial. Thirty years ago and more, when I first came to this country, the Declaration of Independence itself was the subject of sarcasm and ridicule. This nation, as a nation, did not then sincerely hold, still less practice, the "self-evident truth that all men are equal, and endowed by their Creator with an alienable right to liberty." Your Declaration of Independence had become a nullity; and every other of your great instruments, lying at the foundation of your nationality, was equally disfigured by slavery. Your articles of Confederacy which bound the States together before the adoption of the Federal Constitution were marred by slavery; for you will find that the privileges and rights of citizenship are therein extended only to the free *white* persons belonging to the then existing States; and your Constitution, otherwise so wise, excellent and perfect, was, as you know, "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," depriving your Federal government forever of the power to interfere for the abolition of that system which already had an existence in your country, and so widely extended itself afterwards. Well do I know that it never was the intention of the venerable and illustrious men who framed that national instrument thereby to give either perpetuity or extension to slavery; but, nevertheless, by the compromises they then entered into, and the guarantees they then gave, they did recognize it and establish it; and so far from their hopes being realized that slavery would speedily wither and die, it lived; lived to increase the number of slaves upon this continent from three or four hundred thousand to four millions; lived to extend the area of slave territory from 200,000 square miles to more than a million, and to raise the gross value of human chattels in the American market from $220,000,000 to $2,500,000,000. Under the Constitution, slavery grew, strengthened and expanded until this Slave Power made your Presidents, appointed your ambassadors, ruled your organizations, enslaved your churches, placed a padlock upon the lips of almost every minister of religion so that he dared not declare "the whole counsel of God," and brought the churches of this land into the closest complicity and coöperation with the system of slavery in the South.

Such was the condition of things in the past. All now is changed. "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." Thirty years ago, books were opened in the Southern States for the raising of large sums of money to be paid for the abduction of the President of this Society, and of him who is now speaking to you. But a generation passes, and William Lloyd Garrison and George Thompson, the hated of thirty years ago, are under the protection of the government able to tread the shores of South Carolina, and I to win the proudest distinction of my life by helping to pull the rope that rehoisted the old flag on Fort Sumter (prolonged and enthusiastic applause). In the completion of this great and holy work, I offer you the congratulations of the great body of my countrymen in England (applause). It is not true, it never has been true, that the millions, the masses of England, have been hostile to the cause of the Northern States (renewed applause). I never said anything with greater confidence than this, that I know the masses of the people of England have been with you. For one copperhead that you could have found through the length and breadth of the British Isles, I could have found ten within the precincts of these United States, aye, north of Mason and Dixon's line; and I believe that that sorrow which has overtaken you on these shores, through that calamity which has draped this building in sable, and been received as a domestic bereavement in almost all the homes of America—I believe that that sorrow has not been more sincere, more deep, more profound, or more universal, here, in the land that gave Abraham Lincoln his birth, than there in the land of your ancestors and mine, where his virtues were known and his honesty appreciated (applause).

Glad am I to find the anxiety that is manifested to put the free negro in his right civil position. My mind is constantly engaged in endeavoring to solve the problem of the future—how these Southern States shall be so constituted as that they shall be made loyal, kept loyal, and their population be ultimately fused into one homogeneous, harmonious mass—and I confess that I have seen difficulties innumerable and almost insuperable. But there is one difficulty greater than all the rest, and one which I believe to be insuperable, and that is to make these States loyal, and keep them loyal, without bestowing upon him you have made personally free the distinction and dignity and rights of an enfranchised American citizen (applause). My own belief is that the amount of loyalty in the Southern States among those who have been in rebellion is infinitessimal. My own belief is that you will not, for a long time, overcome those feelings of anger and mortification, of disappointment and resentment, which at this moment occupy the minds of the rebels who have been defeated in the open field. I see it, therefore, not as a question of right merely, but one of expediency, aye, of national necessity, that you lay hold of the million of black adults that I think may be found within what were recently the slave States of this country, and make those men, now freed from chattelism, citizens, according to the Constitution of this country, so that they may become the supporters of your institutions, and preserve those States from relapsing again into slavery, or at least into a state of society in which a proud oligarchy shall exert authority and dominion over the masses.

I will not longer, ladies and gentlemen, trespass upon your time. I am anxious to hear the views of your president, and as the time for adjournment draws near, and the moments that remain for him, even, are limited, I will simply thank you for your attention to me thus far, and trust that the time is near when the negro will not only trample under his feet the fetters of bondage, but be clothed upon with the rights of American citizenship—rights which I am certain he deserves, rights which I am confident he will improve [loud applause].

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

It is true, my name is down on the list of speakers for this occasion; and yet there is no need of my saying anything. My vocation, as an Abolitionist, thank God, is ended. (Applause.) There is nobody who needs to be converted, who is loyal in spirit, and loves his country, and means to stand by it to the end. Four years ago, there was not a single city, town or hamlet in the United States that would not have voted down, by a large majority, the Abolition enterprise. Now, there is not a single city, village or hamlet in the land, that is loyal, that is not ready for the immediate, unconditional, everlasting emancipation of those in bondage. The most ultra sentiments, in regard to the claims of the colored race, are everywhere cheered to the echo. The people seem to be prepared to do full justice to those who have been wronged for so many years in our country. What special need, then, for me to speak? We are now a united people—never before. We have now high hopes of the future. We have decreed the abolition of slavery, our great national transgression; and now we may confidently look up to God for his blessing upon us, as a people, and He will not fail us.

May I be permitted to ask, what has become of the bastard Confederacy of the South? Can anybody tell us? We know where the Federal Government is; we know what its power is; and we know what the American flag now symbolizes—freedom—impartial, universal freedom. When that flag went down at Sumter, it went down as a flag under which four millions of slaves had been held securely in bondage; when that flag rose again at Sumter, the other day, it proclaimed the eternal overthrow of slavery, and the emancipation of every bondman.

Will any one tell us what has become of Jefferson Davis? (Laughter.) One hundred thousand dollars reward is offered for him; and, rely upon it, if he be caught, the money will be paid. (Laughter.) Now, it has proved somewhat different in my case, if you will pardon the personal reference. More than thirty years ago, Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars for my head. So, after Sherman got started, it occurred to me that I ought to have gone down with him, and claimed the reward; but, on sober, second thought, I remembered that I should have to take my pay in Confederate currency, and it would not pay travelling charges. (Laughter.) Why, I went to Savannah, the other day, and there was no one in the place disposed to offer a sixpence for me! I walked safely through the streets of that city as a freeman, a radical Abolitionist; and no man dared to peep or mutter one word in favor of slavery, or of the rebellion. The times are wholly changed.

Again—can any one here tell us what has become of that arrant braggart of Georgia, who once boasted that he meant to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill? "Hark, from the *Toombs* a doleful sound!" (Great merriment.)

What has become of that Bombastes Furioso of Virginia, Henry A. Wise? I wonder if he has visited his estate within the past year. If not, why not? If he has, I wonder if he went into his parlor; and, if so, how he liked the appearance of things. How did he relish seeing the portrait of John Brown hanging upon the wall, as it does, wreathed with laurel, and the daughter of John Brown teaching the freed children in that room? (Loud applause.)

The Confederacy has vanished into thin air. Why, even the rebel generals themselves take it for *Granted* that the rebellion is at last "played out." And where is slavery, the cause of the rebellion? If the rebellion has been put down, slavery has also been put down. They are "one and inseparable."

The Proclamation of President Lincoln took more than three millions of slaves, and broke their fetters; and for that act his memory will be held in everlasting remembrance. For what he did as against the Slave Power, and in support of freedom, Abraham Lincoln laid down his life. And was ever man so mourned on this earth as himself? Never! Never in this country, never in any country! And, after all, what was it that endeared him to mankind so universally? It was not that he came up from among the people a "rail-splitter," reaching the highest position in our country; it was not simply that he was an honest and amiable man; it was the consciousness that he incarnated in his position, and in his heart, the great cause of universal freedom. It was the fact that he struck off the fetters of those in bondage, and was willing to lay down his life rather than see one of them remitted to that dreadful condition.

What of slavery in Louisiana? Voted down. In Maryland? Voted down. In Arkansas? Voted down. In Kentucky? A rope of sand—and admitted by Gov. Bramlette himself to possess no vitality. In Delaware, there are a baker's dozen of slaves, nominally. She is a very small State, though she has some good souls within her limits; but her contumacy will avail nothing. In November last, we had the popular decree recorded at Baltimore, that slavery should have no foothold on the American soil. Then Congress, at its last session, submitted to the States of the Union an Amendment to the Federal Constitution, rendering it forever illegal to hold a slave in our country; and State after State has come up, with great unanimity, in support of that Amendment; so that we have twenty-one States that have already voted for it, and only three States that have voted against it. And how many States are needed to ratify that Amendment? I hope no Abolitionist will ever raise the preposterous question, whether it will be necessary to wait until the reconstructed States are brought into this Union. No; when the Amendment was submitted to the people of this country, it was submitted to twenty-five loyal States, and to none others, and they alone are competent to decide upon it. You might as well talk of waiting until the felons in the State prison have served out their sentences, and once more become incorporated into the body of law-abiding citizens, before you can make an amendment of your City Charter or of your State Constitution, as to talk about waiting for rebels to be transformed into loyal men, and then to ask them graciously to permit you to amend your National Constitution. (Applause.) That Constitution is now amended, beyond all reasonable doubt. But even if, by any mischievous theory or perverse decision, it shall be decided otherwise, still we know that no reconstructed State can come into this Union which does not adopt as its basis the total abolition of slavery; and, therefore, we are sure of every such State in favor of the amendment. The three States which have voted against it—to wit, Kentucky, Delaware and New Jersey—staggering under their load of historical infamy, will yet make haste to change their position and fall into line, and we shall have the vote unanimous, that there shall be no such being as a slave or a slaveholder under the American flag, or within our American domains. (Applause.) But if those three States shall not do this, they are of no consequence whatever—we can do without them. (Laughter and applause.)

I rejoice to stand here no longer as an isolated Abolitionist, to be looked at as though I had seven heads and ten horns; and that, as a drop is lost in the ocean, my abolitionism has ceased to be distinctive. The guns of the American Anti-Slavery Society, thank God! are spiked, because slavery is abolished. I promised, years ago, that if the people would abolish the "peculiar institution," I, for one, would be ready for the abolition of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and now that they have done it, what need of any more anti-slavery agitation? We are one people, united in sentiment as against slavery; hence, our work no longer being peculiar as Abolitionists, let us mingle with the millions of our fellow-countrymen, join with them, as they will join with us, in putting into the grave of slavery everything that has sprung out of slavery. (Applause.) Whatever of complexional prejudice, whatever of proscription, as against those whose skins are not colored like our own, whatever of injustice toward that race, now exists, must be buried in the same common grave. Man is man, and we must recognize him wherever he appears on our soil. We have opened our vast country to all the world besides—to aliens, to strangers and foreigners, to the most besotted and ignorant of mankind; we take them into our arms of brotherly love, and we say, "You shall be citizens here; you shall find freedom here; you shall have all the rights of human nature guaranteed to you here." Shall we say less to those who are native-born; who have made our soil gory with their blood, and who have received nothing hitherto at our hands but injustice and cruelty; and who, in our hour of peril and despair, forgave us all that we had done against them, and came to our rescue? It is through their aid, and by the blessing of God, the nation is saved. We have not saved it ourselves. Two hundred thousand stalwart men, transformed from chattels into freemen, have thrown themselves into the scale, and rebellion, slavery and treason have kicked the beam. (Applause.)

There is no difference among Abolitionists—I trust none among loyal men—in regard to this matter of giving the ballot to those who have been so long disfranchised. We are one in this measure, and we must endeavor to see that it is carried without delay. We have a man at the helm who seems to be ready for all that justice demands—Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, President of the United States. (Loud applause.) Was ever a more splendid testimony borne in favor of any man than has been in his case? What a hold Abraham Lincoln had upon our confidence, our affection and our hearts! It seemed as if we could not possibly spare him. We prayed, hoped and trusted that God would preserve his earthly life until the end of his four years, and we had achieved entire freedom and reconciliation. But, alas! the spirit of slavery assassinated that noble man. The nation was indeed paralyzed for the hour—overwhelmed, crushed with sorrow and grief—at that awful bereavement; but it did not jostle the stability of the government, nor affect public confidence or credit, in the slightest degree. It was because we have Abraham Lincoln in Andrew Johnson; and we have in Andrew Johnson, perhaps a man in some respects better fitted to meet the exigencies which are before us, and better disposed to see that full justice is done to the traitors who have involved this country in so much suffering and blood. (Applause.) I confess that I like to see men act consistently on their own plane. If they cannot stand where I stand, or see as I do, then I will measure them by their own standard, and see whether they play false to it or are true; and, therefore, though I have my philosophy, as an individual, in regard to dealing with the worst of villains and the vilest of men, and though I am not in favor of capital punishment, on my plane of action; yet I do say, that if Jefferson Davis be taken, and the nation does not hang him, the nation will prove recreant to its own principles. (Applause.) I have no sympathy with this talk about letting these traitors go unwhipt of justice; for if you punish any criminals—and you are a people who believe in punishment—see to it that you deal with those colossal transgressors, whose hands, whose souls, whose garments, are stained with blood—who have caused the deaths of hundreds of thousands of your countrymen—at least as severely as you deal with burglars and highwaymen. (Great applause.) Otherwise, you are false to yourselves, and you will not help the cause of peace, of liberty, or of justice by such a course.

My friends, I will not detain you longer. I thank God that the day has arrived when we can blend like kindred drops into one, and look to the future for the Divine blessing upon our whole country and people. Though the South is at present a desolation, and the North is still wailing for her lost, yet there is in store for us, because we have resolved to put away the evil thing from among us, abiding peace and abounding prosperity. I rejoice that I have been permitted to see this day. My country! may the windows of heaven be opened, and may such blessings be poured down upon thee that there shall not be room to receive them! (Prolonged applause.)

The following hymn was then sung, with which the proceedings of the meeting terminated:—

Our nation's free! our nation's free!
All hail the land of liberty!
Loud swell the trump that sounds its fame,
No longer now an empty name.

Far let the joyful tidings spread,
Where'er the feet of man can tread;
Waft it, ye breezes, o'er the sea,
And tell the world our nation's free.

Our nation 's free! our nation 's free!
Proclaim the glorious jubilee!
Sublimely let its echoes roll,
And thrill with music to the soul!

The oppressor's power at last is broke,
And millions, freed from slavery's yoke,
Their thankful hearts and voices raise,
To speak their great Deliverer's praise.

Our nation 's free! our nation 's free!
How bright its future destiny!
Within its bounds no clanking chain
Shall bind the human form again.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN NEW YORK.

For thirty-two consecutive years, (with only one exception,) we have attended anniversary meetings in New York, and we do not recollect a single instance in which the weather did not prove more or less unpropitious and depressing—usually a cold northeasterly rain-storm prevailing. True to its bad reputation in this particular, anniversary week this year was specially disagreeable in that city. But, notwithstanding this heavy drawback, the attendance at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday forenoon, 9th inst., in the Church of the Puritans, was overwhelming, and of the most respectable and weighty character. We give the proceedings of the meeting in preceding columns. All the speeches were warmly applauded.

Three public business meetings of the Society were also held in the same church, and were well attended by its members and friends, brought together from all parts of the country with special reference to the consideration of the question, whether it was not a fitting time for the Society to dissolve, in view of the national decree for the abolition of slavery. The discussions were earnest and able—we expressing our strong and settled conviction in the affirmative, and Messrs. Phillips, Remond, Foster, Douglass, Purvis, and Rev. Mr. Spalding advocating the continuance of the Society. On taking the vote by yeas and nays, though no check list was made, it stood 48 in the affirmative to 118 in the negative. A considerable number recorded their names in the negative, who had never before appeared at such a meeting, and who in all fairness ought not to have voted on such a question. Still, we have no doubt that a decided majority of the members present were opposed to dissolving the Society, at least for the present—a decision to which we do not attach the slightest importance. As we declined the kind and affectionate re-nomination unanimously proffered us, Wendell Phillips, on motion of Stephen S. Foster, was chosen President of the Society in our stead.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard* of this week will be almost wholly occupied with a full and accurate report of the debate, pro and con, phonographically made by Mr. Yerrinton. Of course, we shall lay it all before our readers, as fast as our limits will permit.

A brief speech made by George Thompson at the Cooper Institute, at Miss Dickinson's lecture, is thus complimented by the *American Baptist*:—

"The meeting was closed with a short address from that true and distinguished friend of justice and liberty, GEORGE THOMPSON, who could not resist the urgent call of the audience. It was purely a eulogy of the departed President, and, without an exaggeration, was one of the grandest bursts of oratory ever uttered in that or any other hall. In depth of pathos, beauty of diction, poetry and eloquence, it could not be surpassed. George Thompson is one of nature's noblemen, and God's noblest works. We could only wish that every ear could have heard him. The like is heard but few times in a life-time. The people went away frantic with delight, and as elevated in moral tone as they were elated in joy. How much better would the world be were it fed with such pure truth, instead of the artful dodging of office-seeking demagogues!"

EULOGIES ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN. In compliance with an invitation from the Rhode Island Union League, Wm. Lloyd Garrison will deliver an address on the death of President Lincoln, on Thursday, June 1, at Providence.

Thursday, June 1, will be another memorable historic day in Boston. Hon. Charles Sumner will then deliver a eulogy, in Music Hall, on the character and death of Abraham Lincoln, at the request of the city authorities. The exercises will be highly interesting and attractive; and thousands will flock to the city from near and remote places to participate in them. The civic and military procession promises to be very imposing.

Hon. Thomas Russell of Boston will deliver a eulogy on President Lincoln, at Bridgewater, June 1.

Hon. Henry C. Deming of Hartford will deliver a eulogy on Abraham Lincoln on June first, before the Connecticut General Assembly.

THE ORPHANS OF FREEDMEN AT NEW ORLEANS. Mrs. Louise de Mortié, of New Orleans, is giving lectures and recitations in that city for the benefit of the orphans of freedmen, which are spoken of by the New Orleans journals in enthusiastic terms. A building known as the Soulé Mansion, on Espianade street, has been assigned by Major General Hurlbut as an Orphan's Home, and, by his order, placed under her charge. A fair for the benefit of the orphans of the freedmen, conducted principally under her management, opened at New Orleans on the first Monday in May, and continued during the week. At the lectures and concerts got up or given by this lady, considerable sums for the same purpose have been collected.

LETTER FROM THOMAS H. BARKER, ESQ.

MANCHESTER, (Eng.) April 29, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON—I know not how to begin to write you. No words can express what I feel, and what is being felt by our people throughout the nation, in view of the appalling crime that has been committed at Washington. No event in history or in fiction, to my mind, is so surrounded and stamped with the elements of horrible atrocity. But I cannot dwell upon it. Believe me when I say that no American, however loyal and loving, can feel a deeper pang of agony than I have endured since the bloody news arrived. We had learned to know, admire and trust Abraham Lincoln as no potentate in the world had ever been trusted and loved before.

On Sunday last, the 23d April, I read a paper, prepared by request, at the Union Chambers, Manchester, on "Honest Abraham Lincoln, the Second Washington of the American Nation." At the close, the following resolution was unanimously and cordially adopted:—

"Resolved, That this meeting of the friends of freedom and human progress, whilst expressing a cordial and affectionate tribute of admiration of the character and administration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whom they regard as the second Washington of American history, desire also to record a joyful expression of devout thanksgiving to Almighty God on the receipt of the important intelligence just received, to the effect that General Lee has capitulated to General Grant—opening the way, as that event most clearly does, to a speedy and settled Peace on the only safe, righteous and enduring basis of Union, Freedom and Equal Rights in the great Federal Republic of America."

I was requested by the meeting to forward a copy of the foregoing resolution for the *Liberator*.

At that moment we were all in the highest state of sympathetic and joyful exultation over the good news we had received. We little dreamed that in three short days the news would come that would crush us with a piled up weight of agony. But so it was—alas! alas!

On Wednesday, 27th, the Nova Scotian brought us the first brief telegram. O! what a throb of anguish it produced! But we said it could not be true. It was too horrible for calm belief, and we tried to comfort and sustain one another with the suspicion that it was a crafty and cruel hoax—a stock jobbing *canard*. But after some four hours' fearful suspense, the confirmatory telegram, with more of the dire details, came to hand; and we were compelled to believe that the awful deed had been done. All business for the day was at an end. Everybody was too excited to think of or attend to anything but the American news. Many of our friends were overpowered with emotion, and were quite unwell for some hours, and some have not yet recovered. One dear friend of mine, Dr. Lees, went into hysterics, and had to be composed with chloroform during the night; and the next day when I saw him, he burst into tears, and cried like a child.

By 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, the Union and Emancipation Society met at the offices, and adopted an address of condolence with Mrs. LINCOLN, and a second address to the American people, through the new President, Andrew Johnson. Copies were immediately engrossed, and sent up to London to the President, T. B. Potter, Esq., M. P., to hand to Mr. Adams, to be forwarded by the first mail leaving after the receipt of the news.

Last night, a public meeting was convened by the Union and Emancipation Society in the Free Trade Hall, when the same addresses were read and adopted on behalf of the citizens generally; and also a Resolution of deep sympathy with Mr. Secretary Seward and his family. The Assembly Room was densely crowded, and the room above was also packed with the overflow, so that a second meeting had to be extemporized. Even then many hundreds had to go away, the two large rooms not being able to hold all the people who had come at a few hours' notice to express their sorrow and sympathy with a bereaved widow and nation. The speeches were able and touching, and the meetings were a sob of pathos from commencement to close. I don't think any meeting, even in New England, could manifest more deep and sincere sympathy. If our own beloved Queen had been the victim of brutal assassination, the heart of the people could not have been more deeply stirred.

The speeches of Rev. Mr. Condor, (Independent,) and of Rev. S. A. Steinthal, (Unitarian,) were most excellent. But I must refer you to the newspapers for more particulars.

On Monday evening, Earl Russell will move in the Lords, and Lord Palmerston in the Commons, that an address be sent to the Queen, asking her to send an expression of the nation's sympathy and condolence. This is a most unusual step, but all parties think that it is the right and proper thing to do. And I am sure that Queen Victoria, herself a sorrowful widow, will feel a genuine and deep sympathy with her sister sufferer, Mrs. Lincoln.

Public meetings are being held this evening, and again on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall, London, the former for an expression from English people, and the latter for the American people in the metropolis. Mr. Adams is to preside on Monday evening. And all over the country these meetings are being held, and I cannot but think that a blessed effect will be produced on the mind and temper of thousands whose sympathies will be drawn out as never before for your great country and noble people. It is good to rejoice with those who rejoice, but is it not better, morally, to weep with those who weep?

I am reminded by the *Liberator* of the 14th just to hand, that you and our dear friend, Mr. George Thompson, would be at Charleston, at the Fort Sumter Flag raising, at the moment when that dreadful deed was done at Washington! You would perhaps not get the news till some days after the honored victim, the martyr President, had breathed his last. I fancy I know how you would both feel; and I deeply feel for you. On no hearts in the wide world would the direful news fall with more crushing, terrible, horrible agony. But you would be sustained by the Christian consciousness that God lives, and that the cause for which Mr. Lincoln has died is in His hands, and will survive even this terrible blow.

I am not without a lively hope that Andrew Johnson will be found wearing worthily the mantle of Abraham Lincoln. The press here has received a very unfavorable impression of his character from what occurred on the 4th of March. But I have no doubt the democratic paper, cruelly exaggerated what really did occur; and that the incident was not the exhibition of a deep taint or settled habit. I trust his future will be great, noble and glorious; and that when the Union is fully restored, he will aid the Temperance Reformers, Neal Dow, E. C. Delevan, Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, Dr. Marsh, and the other good men and true to do valiant battle with the Rum-Rebel—an equal, if not greater enemy than that other foul incarnation of evil—Slavery.

But I must close this communication, as I feel that I am intruding upon your precious time, and diverting attention from more important duties. Let me, however, say one word in behalf of the claims of justice towards the Freedmen. They must be protected by the franchise. Nothing short of this can close and heal up the frightful gashes that four years of civil war have inflicted. To stop short of this is to mar and ruin all that has been done. The spirit of slavery will not die out until the blessed spirit of Freedom incarnate itself in all your institutions; and the rebellion will not be fully stamped out until every man—black and brown, red and white—can march up, hand in hand, to the ballot-box. Nothing short of this—the full enfranchisement of the negro—will justify the struggle and sacrifice of the past; nothing short of this will avenge the martyrdom of John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, and all the heroic souls that fell at Gettysburg, and on a thousand other battle-fields.

There must be no rotten planks in the platform on which you reconstruct your glorious Union. Be warned by the past, and do not repeat the fatal error of your noble forefathers. Make no unjust concession to the subdued slaveholders. Be, first of all, just, then merciful, and even magnanimous. Any tenderness towards the subdued rebels, at the expense of the just claims of the freedmen, will be cruelty, crime and folly. But I feel sure that your loyal people will see to this; and I only urge it thus strongly, to let you know what we on this side are now looking for. We wait to see justice to the freedman—UNIVERSAL FREEDOM!

I enclose you a copy of a letter I have just received from Professor Newman. You will see the current of his thoughts and sympathies, his hopes and plans. There are many good and fast friends of the American Republic who have had the same forebodings. Perhaps you can give the Professor's letter a place in the *Liberator*. I may state that he strongly disapproved of the article in *Fraser's Magazine* for January last.

With ever true and kind regards, believe me most fraternally yours,

THOMAS H. BARKER.

P. S. Present my most affectionate regards to George Thompson, Esq. in which all the friends here join.

MAY 2. I send you various papers. You will note the speeches of Earl Russell and Derby in the Lords, and of Sir George Grey and D'Israeli in the Commons, moving an address to the Queen, expressive of our national sympathy and sorrow with your people; and you will note that our beloved Queen has anticipated formalities, and sent a private autograph note from her own hand to the President's widow. This greatly pleases our people. God bless the Queen, and God bless Mrs. Lincoln! God bless the American Union! Amen! T. H. B.

LETTER FROM RICHARD D. WEBB.

10 CIRCUS ROAD, LONDON, N. W.
April 28th, 1865.

To T. H. BARKER, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR—Like others, I am appalled by the execrable crime which has (so gloriously for him) ended the earthly career of Abraham Lincoln, and made him the noblest martyr of the war, enshrining him in human history with a perpetual halo of glory. He had lived long enough to do his special work, and was removed before the deep chasm should be revealed among his own supporters, which was every day opening more widely. I say I am appalled like others, but it is in a sort of religious awe at the mode in which Divine purposes seem to be wrought out by the hands of wickedness. For next to Mrs. Lincoln, (who must have our deepest compassion,) none have so great cause to mourn for him as General Lee, and Mr. Alexander Stephens of Georgia. The assassins have put into his place the man, who of all Northern statesmen, (not excepting Benjamin Butler,) has displayed in word and act the most uncontrollable disgust against the Southern aristocracy. It is hard for me to imagine a combination of things so favorable to the just hopes of the colored race. Mr. Lincoln has been himself the first victim of his own great, pervading, dangerous error of imagining that gentleness and concession can ever win over the Southern rancor. I trust that sterner counsels than his will now rule in Washington, and that the Cabinet and Congress will be of one mind, to satisfy every right of the colored race before one favor is granted to the rebels who have extorted from the North every drop of blood, and inflicted on their prisoners every agony in their power, before they would desist from a hopeless rebellion.

For a week past, a dread had risen on me that the North might be stupidly merciful;—though my prevalent belief was that it must prove impossible. I think this terrible *accomplished* crime will have an instruction which the attempt to kill Judge Kelley for advocating negro suffrage does not seem to have efficiently impressed. A hook must be put into the mouth and a bridle into the jaws of the Southern crocodile before he is tamed. If it is impossible to disarm all the whites, and keep all the States under permanent military occupation for thirty years, (as of course it is,) they can in no way be held but by arming all the negroes, and investing them with practical power. Stern justice, and nothing else, can prevent a series of renewed wars. It is not enough to make the colored race nominally FREE: (what did freedom avail to those of Arkansas in 1860?) They must be freeholders, socially independent, and politically equal to whites, if white loyalists are to be safe, and new war to be made impossible. And who have so good a right to freeholds out of the great estates as the race who have tilled them for centuries with no wages but stripes and contumely? What English statesman, what English democrat thinks it is hard, if a man who has kindled a wicked, bloody and expensive war forfeits the cash which he had hardly earned by previous labor? To repay a small portion of the huge war debt is surely the mildest of mild punishments on a rebel. How much milder to enforce the surrender of an arbitrary property, land, for which the rebel never gave anything, and never made his own by laboring on it and improving it! I call it stupid mercy, and unjust to the colored victims of slavery, to try to turn them into a landless peasantry, subject to the power of an aristocracy which has rebelled in order to keep them as slaves.

And here I give you what you ask, (and thank you for asking me,) my notion what we ought to try to impress on the North: 1. Justice to the colored race must go before mercy to rebel whites. 2. Justice demands that they shall not be surrendered to the political and social rule, or put under the guardianship of those who sustained in past time the execrable codes against black freemen. 3. Congress must rule that REPUBLICAN EQUALITY is violated by legal deprivation inflicted on color. No amendment of the Constitution is wanted; [much less to go Southward for leave to amend,] but a declaratory law, interpreting the article, "No man shall be deprived of any right except for crime," &c. 4. State rights, which have been so frightfully abused, must not be restored hastily and without probation; but Congress must retain a veto on local legislation, until it is clear that the colored race can protect itself. It has no right to call the blacks to arms, and then surrender them to local resentment. 5. There is no security for the Union, nor for the rights of the colored, until freeholds are the standard mode of agriculture in the South as well as in the North.

Very sincerely yours,
F. W. NEWMAN.

BRANTFORD, (Canada West,) May 11, 1865.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—In forwarding my subscription for the *Liberator*, for this the last year of its existence, I should feel sad if it were to terminate my connection with you, or with any good cause which the *Liberator* has so faithfully served during all its lifetime. But as the *Liberator* ceases, not by the hopelessness and the abandonment of its cause, but by its triumphs, I will only be thankful and rejoice; and as I hope that the way will be open for the publication of a successor to the *Liberator*. A paper that will plead for justice, tell no lies, and pander to no shams, cannot have a large circulation, but I trust those who are in union with the spirit of the *Liberator* will be found numerous enough to sustain a successor. An organ of free thought will not be less needed in the future than in the past. The negroes, in their changed condition, will need a work doing for them, for which none will be better fitted than those who have so long labored for their freedom; while the wider field of reform, irrespective of color or race, is, as of old, white unto the harvest, and the laborers few.

Wishing you health and long life, I remain
Yours, truly, GEO. SUNTER.

☞ Rev. CALVIN FAIRBANKS, who was so many years imprisoned in the penitentiary of Kentucky for his anti-slavery sentiments and acts, and subjected to the most barbarous treatment, and whose case is so well known to our readers, will lecture in the Rev. Mr. Grimes's church, Southac street, on Sunday evening next. He is deserving of sympathy and aid, and should be widely invited to give his thrilling narrative. His address is 66 Southac street, Boston.

assassination of General Butler. This fact came under his notice at the time, but he did not hear what came of it, except that money was subscribed, though perhaps not sufficient for the purpose. He also told me that 20,000 dollars reward was offered in the *Selma Reporter* for the murder of President Lincoln. I cannot see why slaveholders, whose only virtues (when they have any) are those which they possess in common with pagans—such as courage, endurance, pride, military talent and administrative ability—should scruple at any crime by which they might maintain their polity, or gratify their revenge. The chivalrous statesmen who lived so long in the neighborhood of the Libby Prison, and who sanctioned the horrors of the stockade at Andersonville, may without injustice be suspected of consenting to any other extremity of wickedness. It has been suggested that it would be a proper exercise of Christian forgiveness and reasonable magnanimity to let all the arch rebels go scot free, and enter at once into possession of the remains of their property, and of all their rights and privileges as citizens. I can imagine no greater piece of imbecile folly. If these men are not guilty, no man is guilty. No nation, no community could be maintained, if such crimes are to remain unfinished. Any scoundrel may incite to civil war at any time, and risk precious lives by tens of thousands, if the example is set of letting Davis and his compeers go unpunished. Banishment and confiscation of property is the very least that they have a right to expect; and this would be far less than they would suffer for such injuries as they have inflicted at the hands of any other people than the Americans, who, I believe from my heart, are the most merciful, long-suffering, and good-natured people on earth. Nobody on this side of the Atlantic, who remembers the way in which the Irish rebellion of 1798 and the Indian mutiny were suppressed, should dare to open his lips in condemnation of your government, if they treat the authors of the unprovoked and wicked insurrection of the South with some severe punishment. I am no advocate for the death penalty, but I think those men should be effectually restrained from entering on such enterprises in future.

I have let my pen run on so fast that I have no time to say a word of your recent visit to the South. Such an idea! Garrison in South Carolina, and George Thompson in Charleston! But all these reflections are absorbed in our speculations as to the result of the cruel and violent death of your kindly, wise and illustrious President. That his successor may act as worthily and as wisely is my sincere desire.

I have this day had letters from my friends, Rev. S. May and H. C. Wright, which I have hardly had time to read, much less to answer, and for which I can now only thank them.

Yours, ever, truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

PRIVATE EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF.

BOSTON, May 16, 1865.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—I send you the letters you desire, written on the spur of the moment, and out of the fulness of warm hearts. They show us that we are not yet divorced from our English cousins.

Yours always, CAROLINE H. DALL.

THURSDAY, April 27th, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have been horror-struck by reading, in the newspapers of this morning, of the brutal murder of Abraham Lincoln. If I had lost a near personal friend, I could not have felt it more deeply. I cannot at all trust myself to put on paper, at present, what my feelings are, lest they should seem even to you wildly exaggerated. May God, in his infinite mercy, shower every blessing on the family of the martyr! We do not know, at present, here, whether Mr. Seward is alive or dead. I am an almost unknown man, even in my own country. If, however, you should meet any American who knows me, pray tell him how deeply I sympathize with you all in your grief.

I am scribbling this letter in a bookseller's shop, at Brigg, as I would not miss one mail; though, alas! whatever I can say can do no good.

Yours, my dear friend, ever,
EDWARD PEACOCK.

Of Bottesford Manor, near Brigg.

April 27th, 1865.

MY DEAR MRS. DALL—Our papers, this morning, gave me the first knowledge of your great national tragedy and woeful loss. I never felt much admiration for your martyr President till he opened his arms so warmly to his prodigal Southern children, and treated them so kindly. Then I thought what a very good man he must be, and how much true glory it would bring to your great nation. Alas! in this case the message of the hosts of heaven, "Peace on earth to men of good-will," is not fulfilled. But there is the halo of the old days of chivalry to wind round him for his shroud. The solemn vow of knighthood was, "To fight only in the cause of God; to be the protector and champion of the oppressed, the widow and the fatherless. Never to defend an unjust cause, and never to tell a lie." Does not this quotation give you, in a few words, the character of that true knight, "honest old Abe Lincoln"? May I add,

"His bones are dust,
His sword is rust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

Poor Mr. Seward's case is still worse, if possible; and yet I feel more for the late President.

I hope your new President will follow in the footsteps of the good and kindly dead, and still speak peace to the South. I don't fear but that some or all of your rulers will have the mantle of the lost ruler, and a portion of his spirit rest on them. The blood of the last martyr will cement the Union more strongly.

I am wondering, woman-like, if we shall have a general mourning. We should mourn for our American cousins. It will not matter to us; for I have ordered our black garments and badges of mourning for immediate wearing. Will you send me a photograph of your late President? I must thank you for the two you enclosed.

I cannot write about your kind, domestic letter, or the book which has reached me at last. I will write again soon, and tell you of the public feeling.

Yours, very truly, and with full sympathy for America and her mourning people,
LUCY PEACOCK.

ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

GLASGOW, April 29, 1865.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

DEAR SIR—I enclose you a copy of an address (agreed to at a meeting of the Union and Emancipation Society of Glasgow) to President Johnson, expressive of the horror and indignation we feel at the awful deed by which your great nation has been deprived of a wise, a beneficent, and a great ruler, and our deep sorrow at the great loss your country has sustained in the death of the good Abraham Lincoln.

The sad tragedy has stirred our country to her inmost soul, and stout hearts weep as if the loss was their own. May God bring great good out of this seeming evil!

Will you kindly insert the address in your paper? We wish to mingle our sorrow with yours; and as we so recently rejoiced with you when you rejoiced at the glad tidings from Virginia, now we claim to mourn with you in this the day of your sudden and terrible affliction.

I am, dear sir, your obed't servant,
JAMES SINCLAIR.

ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

To His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America:

SIR,—We, the members of the Union Emancipation Society of Glasgow, desire to express, through you, to the great nation of which you now are chief, our profound sorrow for the loss it has sustained through the cruel and atrocious assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and our utter detestation and abhorrence of the foul deed which has brought this calamity upon your people.

We mourn with your nation, for we have long reverenced Abraham Lincoln as a great and good man, discharging the solemn duties entrusted to him not only with high ability, but with purity of purpose and simplicity of heart, and ever seeking righteous ends through honorable means.

Called to power in the direst crisis of your national history, he has proved to the world that high principled integrity is practical wisdom, and that the gravest difficulties in the affairs of nations are best mastered by the spirit of nobleness.

We would also ask your Excellency to convey our sorowing sympathy to Mrs. Lincoln, and assure her of our prayer that the Everlasting Arm may be outstretched to uplift and give her strength in her terrible bereavement, and the tender mercy of our Father in Heaven minister the peace which passeth understanding.

We would further beg your Excellency to express to Mr. Seward our indignant horror at the vile blows inflicted on him by an assassin's hand, and our earnest and hearty hope that he may soon be restored to his accustomed place in the Councils of your Government.

We believe, Sir, that the universal indignation excited by these crimes, which have disgraced humanity, will bind even more closely our nation to yours, and that we only utter the feeling of the aroused heart of the mass of our people when we pray that those beneficent purposes of Abraham Lincoln (which he expressed upon the day of his death as his last legacy to his countrymen) may have their happy and abundant fulfilment in a peace which shall conclude war with mercy, and, while securing freedom for those heretofore held in bondage, shall unite all sections and parties in the nation, whose prosperous future will be their best monument to the memory of the great ruler over whose sad grave we mourn with a common sorrow.

Signed in behalf of the Society by
JAMES SMITH, *Chairman*,
JAMES SINCLAIR, *Secretary*.

Glasgow, April 28, 1865.

TO MRS. LINCOLN.

MADAM—It is not for us to invade the privacy of domestic sorrow, nor fitting that we should add to the sharpness of your grief by characterising, as it deserves, the deed which has deprived you of a husband and your country of its Chief Magistrate. We desire, however to express our deep sympathy with you, in this mournful affliction, and our earnest hope that you may be supported through the trial by the consciousness that your husband, though called to the helm in the midst of tempest and storm, never failed to respond to the call of duty, and that throughout a period of unparalleled difficulty he has guided the affairs of the nation in a manner which will ever connect his name with all that is noble, magnanimous, and great in your country's history. His name will be associated with the cause of human freedom throughout all time, and generations yet unborn will learn to lisp his name as synonymous with liberty itself, and to connect the atrocious deed by which his career was closed with the expiring throes of that foul system of slavery against which his life was a standing protest, and the fate of which he had sealed.

For and on behalf of the Union and Emancipation Society,
THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, *President*.
FRANCIS TAYLOR,
(for self and other Vice Presidents.)
SAMUEL WATTS, *Treasurer*.
J. H. ESTCOURT,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
J. C. EDWARDS, } *Honorary Secretaries*.
E. O. GREENING, }
51, *Piccadilly, Manchester*, 27th April, 1865.

At a meeting held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, April 28th, 1865, it was moved by the Rev. G. W. CONDOR, seconded by JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., and passed unanimously:—

"That the address of sympathy and condolence with Mrs. Lincoln, now read, be adopted, and that the Chairman be authorized to sign it on behalf of this meeting."

FRANCIS TAYLOR, *Chairman*.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY
ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

SIR—We have heard with profound regret that your late distinguished President, Abraham Lincoln, has fallen a victim to a vile conspiracy, and that he has been suddenly removed from your midst by the hands of a cowardly assassin.

We have watched his career from the period of his election, in 1860, down to his lamented death, as well through all the darkest hours of the struggle in which your country has been engaged, as at the time when success seemed to be within his grasp, and we have ever recognized in him a self-denying patriotism, a devotion to the principles of right and justice, and determination to surmount, by constitutional means, every obstacle which stood in the way of the final triumph of those principles. His unswerving faith never forsook him in the hour of depression and gloom, and he has left behind him a noble example of magnanimity in the hour of victory, which cannot fail to secure the admiration of the whole civilized world.

Elected on the basis of a limitation of the area of Slavery in the United States, he gradually and cautiously developed an anti-slavery policy which resulted in the issue of an Emancipation Proclamation, by which every slave in the rebel States is now free; and he lived to see adopted by Congress an amendment of the Constitution abolishing forever Slavery in the United States.

He has not been permitted to witness the final achievement of this great work, but his name will ever be associated in history with the removal of this dark stain from your national escutcheon.

It is not alone, or chiefly on grounds of philanthropy that we have sympathised in his objects and aims. From the period when we beheld a section of your community, when defeated at the ballot box, appealing to the arbitrament of the sword, without even the pretence of a grievance, excepting the alleged danger to the institution of slavery, we regarded free constitutional government as on trial, and we have viewed with unvarying satisfaction the uniform consistency with which he always upheld the maintenance of the Union as paramount to every other consideration.

In the recollection of these things, we desire now, through you, to express our deep sympathy with your loyal fellow-citizens in the grievous loss you have sustained; a loss which, at this important crisis in your country's history, cannot fail to produce serious and anxious concern.

In the midst of gloom, however, we are consoled by the reflection that the world is ruled by principles—not by men; and that while the most distinguished statesmen are constantly passing away, the principles which they have propounded are immortal.

Mr. Lincoln, it is true, has departed, but he has bequeathed to posterity an example which cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence on the future of your country.

The constitution places you in the office of Chief Magistrate of the Union at a solemn crisis in your national affairs, which has no parallel in past history; but we cheerfully recognize the fact that the same ballot which secured the triumphant reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, also placed you in the distinguished position to become his successor; and our faith in the instincts of a great people forbids us to doubt that the noble principles which animated him will ever find a response in your heart.

For and on behalf of the UNION AND EMANCIPATION SOCIETY,
THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER, *President*.
FRANCIS TAYLOR,
(for self and other Vice-Presidents.)
SAMUEL WATTS, *Treasurer*.
J. H. ESTCOURT,
Chairman of Executive.
J. C. EDWARDS, } *Hon. Secretaries*.
E. O. GREENING, }
51, *Piccadilly, Manchester*, 27th *April*, 1865.

At a Meeting held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, April 28th, 1865, it was moved by Alderman HEYWOOD, seconded by the Rev. S. A. STEINTHAL, supported by J. BERRY TORR, Esq.:—

"That the address of President Johnson, expressive of sympathy with the American people in the loss they have sustained by the lamented death of President Lincoln, be adopted, and that the Chairman be authorized to sign it on behalf of this Meeting."

FRANCIS TAYLOR, *Chairman*.

A SPECIMEN OF GEN. LEE'S CHIVALRY. The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* writes as follows:

The respects recently tendered to Robert E. Lee might be somewhat modified by a knowledge of the testimony offered before a committee of the War Department by the late slaves of that Generalissimo. They were formerly held by Custis, who freed them at his death, after which Lee insisted that they should work for him five years to pay a debt owed by Custis, his father-in-law. The emancipated slaves were mutinous, and several ran away North, but were retaken and returned, and whipped terribly by the overseer in the presence of Lee. This cultivated gentleman ordered the clothes of the men and women to be cut off, in their refusal to take them off to be flogged, and after the flogging ordered the gashes washed with brine and rubbed down with corn-husks. This is what several of the freedmen and women testify to, and what the General did not tell the seven who called to pay their respects.

☞ Hon. R. M. Hunter has been arrested near his residence in Virginia.

CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS!!

He attempts to escape disguised as a woman in one of his wife's dresses—he finds "the last ditch" in petticoats—the step from the sublime to the ridiculous!

"Jeff. Davis is captured!" News enough for one week is this gratifying announcement, for which the country has been feverishly waiting from the day he started from Richmond, Sunday, April 2d, 1865, when his pious meditations in church were interrupted by a despatch from Gen. Lee, stating that all was lost, and Richmond must be evacuated that night. The good news is in the following telegram from Secretary Stanton, received by him from Major-General Wilson on Saturday:—

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, May 13—10.30 P. M.

To Major General Dix:

The following dispatch, just received from General Wilson, announces the surprise and capture of Jefferson Davis and his staff by Colonel Pritchard of the Michigan Cavalry, on the morning of the 10th instant, at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*.

MACON, Ga., May 12—11 A. M.

Lieut. Gen. Grant, and the Hon. Secretary of War, Washington:

I have the honor to report that at daylight of the 10th instant, Colonel Pritchard, commanding Fourth Michigan Cavalry captured Jeff. Davis and family, with Reagan, Postmaster General, Colonel Harrison, Private Secretary, Colonel Johnson, A. D. C., Colonel Morris, Colonel Lubbeck, Lieutenant Hathaway, and others.

Colonel Pritchard surprised their camp at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia, seventy-five miles southeast of this place. They will be here to-morrow night, and will be forwarded under a strong guard without delay. I will send further particulars at once.

(Signed) J. H. WILSON, *Brevet Maj. General*.

WAR DEPARTMENT, May 14, A. M.

To Major General Dix, New York:

The following details of the capture of Jefferson Davis, while attempting to make his escape in his wife's clothes, have just been received from Major Gen. Wilson. EDWIN M. STANTON.

MACON, Ga., 11 A. M., May 12, 1865.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

The following dispatch announcing the capture of Jeff. Davis has just been handed me by Col. Minty, commanding 2d division:

"HEADQUARTERS 4TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY,
CUMBERLANDVILLE, Ga., May 11, 1865.

To Capt. T. W. Scott, A. G. Division:

Sir: I have the honor to report that at daylight yesterday, at Irwinsville, I surprised and captured Jeff. Davis, together with his wife, sisters and brother, his Postmaster General, Reagan, his Private Secretary, Col, Harrison, Col. Johnston, A. D. C., on Davis' staff, Col. Morris Lubbeck, Lieut. Hathaway, also several others, and a train of five wagons and three ambulances—making a most perfect success, had not a most painful mistake occurred by which the 4th Michigan and the 1st Wisconsin did that which cost us two killed and Lieut. Bontle wounded through the arm in the 4th Michigan, and four men wounded in the 1st Wisconsin. This occurred just at daylight. After we had captured the camp by the advance of the 1st Wisconsin, they were mistaken for the enemy. I returned to this point last night, and shall move right on the Macon road without waiting orders from you as directed, feeling that the whole object of the expedition is accomplished. It will take me at least three days to reach Macon, as we are 75 miles out, and our stock much exhausted. I hope to reach Hawkinsville to-night.

I have the honor, &c.,
(Signed) D. B. PRITCHARD,
Lieut. Col. 4th Michigan Cavalry."

The 1st Wisconsin belongs to Lagrange's brigade of McCook's division, and had been sent due east by Gen. Croxton, via Dublin. Col. Minty had distributed his command all along the south bank of the Ocmulgee and Altamaha. This accounts for the collision between parts of the 1st and 2nd divisions, and shows the zeal of the command in the pursuit. I have directed increased vigilance on the part of the command, in the hope of catching the other assassins. Our dispositions are good, and so far none of the rebel chiefs have been able to get through. Breckinridge's son was captured night before last, eleven miles south from here. Will send further details as soon as received.

(Signed) J. H. WILSON, *Brevet Maj. General*.

MACON, GA., 9.30 A. M., May 13.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Lieut. Col. Harden, commanding 1st Wisonsin, has just arrived at Irwinsville. He struck Davis's trail at Dublin, Lawrence county, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely, night and day, through the pine wilderness of Alligator Creek and Green Swamp, via Cumberlandville to Irwinsville. At Cumberland Col. Harden met Col. Pritchard with 150 picked men and horses of the 4th Michigan. Harden followed the trail directly south, while Pritchard, having fresher horses, pushed down the Ocmulgee toward Hopewell, and thence to House Creek to Irwinsville, arriving there at midnight of the 9th. Jeff. Davis had not arrived. From citizens Pritchard learned that his party were encamped two miles out of the town. He made his dispositions, and surrounded the camp before day. Harden had encamped within two miles, as he afterward learned, from Davis. The trail being too indistinct to follow, he pushed on at 3 A. M. and had gone but little more than a mile when his advance was fired upon by men of the 4th Michigan. A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered.

The firing during this skirmish was the first warning that Davis received. The captors report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started to the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first though him a woman, but, discerning his boots while running, suspected his sex at once. The race was a short one, and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie knife of elegant pattern and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasion of the Captain's revolver, without compelling the men to fire. He expressed great indignation at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he thought our government was more magnanimous than to hunt down women and children. Mrs. Davis remarked to Col. Harden, after the excitement was over, that "the men had better not provoke the President, as he might hurt some of 'em."

Reagan behaves himself with becoming dignity and resignation. The parties were evidently making for the coast.

J. A. WILSON, Brevet Major General.

☞ THE THIRTEENTH YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will be held at LONGWOOD, (near Hamorton,) Chester Co., Pa., commencing at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Fifth day, (Thursday,) the 8th of Sixth month, (June,) 1865, and continuing, probably, three days.

OLIVER JOHNSON,	RACHEL WILSON,
ANNIE M. STANBACH,	EUSEBIUS BARNARD,
BENJAMIN C. BACON,	MARY ANN FULTON,
SUSANNA P. CHAMBERS,	ALFRED H. LOVE,
THEODORE TILTON,	LUCRETIA NAYLOR,
ANNIE F. KENT,	J. WILLIAM COX,
CARROLL DUNHAM,	JENNIE K. SMITH,
ANNA E. DICKINSON,	WILLIAM LLOYD.

Among those whose presence is confidently anticipated are George Thompson of England, William Lloyd Garrison, and Aaron M. Powell.

☞ FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.—The Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place near Waterloo, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 2d, 3d and 4th days of June next.

CHARLES D. B. MILLS, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AARON M. POWELL, GILES B. STEBBINS, GEO. W. TAYLOR, and other gifted speakers from abroad, will be present to participate, and lend interest to the occasion.

Communications for the meeting should be addressed to PHEBE B. DEAN, Waterloo, N. Y.

THEODORE PARKER'S
"LIFE THOUGHTS."
HIS MOST POPULAR WORK!

"Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man."
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CHARLES W. SLACK,
Publisher, No. 6 Bromfield St., Boston.
May 19, 3t

Poetry.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN DEAD.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A wail is on the air, the solemn sound
  Of a great nation's loss! Its mighty grief
Heaves deep pulsations through its utmost bound.
  The nation's loftiest one, its honored chief,
Lies stricken foully low; the bitter wail
Fills every heart, and swells on every gale.
The nation's chief lies low. Not laurelled Death,
At his life's end, bore quietly his breath;
But, while his manhood's oak stood strong and tall,
The sunshine on its leaves, and happy song
Thrilling within, the keen, red bolt shot down,
When the blue heavens shone o'er without a frown.
War at his feet his thundering trump had dashed,
  And Peace was taking up her warbling lyre,
And flowers were burying soft the thorns, when flashed,
  How quick! how deadly! the assassin's fire,
Quick like the shooting of the serpent's fang
Before the victim shrinks! the lightning sprang,
And the strong heart was cloven! Woe, deep woe
To the dear land he loved! her tears must flow
Through many a lingering year! for his great soul
Was full of her—her glory was his goal.
When Treason reared its crimson front, he rose,—
  Rose like the flame from darkness, like the morn
  From night, like some grand pealing anthem, born
From silence; all unheralded, he shows,
Sudden, his radiant presence. Wildly blows
Full on the bark the vengeance of the storm;
  Up leap the waves, and black the heavens have grown—
Grown in an instant! whose that towering form
  Grasping the helm! all turn to him alone,
All in the dark; his eye the beacon fire,
His voice the clarion of command! the ire
Of the fierce storm flames fiercer, fiercer still,
And brighter shines his courage; steadier will
Stars his poised soul. Ah, the light, sunny play
Of his strong thoughts at rest! the clear, broad ray
They poured when roused! the high, deep wisdom shown
  In action! the resolve slow formed, and then
  Quick as the arrow to its mark! no change!
    Not firmer stands the rooted rock than he
Ones planted. His just, tender heart had known
  Slavery's most wicked curse; and knowing, when
    The full time came, his prescient range
    Compassed the end. To the dark upas tree
He laid the axe. Sing pæans to his praise!
  Shout loud hosannas, for the land is free!
Red Treason's hand did Slavery's banner raise,
And Freedom's falchion in his clutch did cleave
The foul flag low! Oh, ages shall receive
Into their heart his glory! He was pure
  And steadfast, and he stood when others fell;
For his the noble patience to endure,
  And to his cheerful soul all things were well.
And he is gone! Gone when our skies were bright
With promise; when the rainbow's lovely light
Was breaking; when white peace, the glittering dove,
  Threw courier colors on the cloven cloud;
When promised Spring was bursting, and above
  And round were ringing hallelujas loud.

Four years of blood and horror! four wild years
  Have fled; and he, who, like a planet, rose,
To cheer all eyes, has vanished! Ah, what fears
  Darken the land, for Freedom's treacherous foes
Live yet! Still let us trust in Him whose light
Shone o'er the waste to guide our steps aright.
All peaceful should the good man's end have been,
  With the soft sun of being sinking sweet
Upon a smiling scene! his cloudless ken
  Should have known golden hues alone! his feet
Couches of flowers! his ear the song of bird,
Murmur of stream, the peaceful low of herd,
And hum of bee! How tenderly would then
The nation's heart have wrapped him in repose,
While from his sunset life the stars of glory rose.

For ever green will his loved memory flourish,
  For ever green when marble piles decay;
Green in his soul's grand thoughts the land shall nourish,
  Green in the deeds its destinies shall sway.
And thou, my country! dangers still entwine thee,
And foes still frown, or lull, with treacherous breath;
But in our heart of hearts we will enshrine thee,
  And swear to guard thee—guard thee unto death.
On Freedom's arm we lean in proud reliance,
  Strong to protect, and powerful to save;
In Treason's teeth we hurl our stern defiance,
  And swear to drag her to her guilty grave.
Past is the storm, with its hot, blasting thunder,
Past the deep darkness of the billowy sea;
But light shines not, though clouds be rent asunder—
  It is the twilight only that we see;
And in that twilight crime will dark be crouching,
  With murderous hand, to do what strife could not;
In flowers of friendship will the snake be crouching;
  Pitfalls will lurk in Hope's most bowery spot.
Our Ship of State hath rode the furious surges,
  White with dismay, and horrible with wrath;
But the fierce ground-swell still the vessel urges
  In mountain billows on her plunging path.
Save her, great Heaven! oh, save the hope of ages!
  Let not the bark be wrecked in sight of shore!
Guide with Thy reins the madness still that rages!
  So shall the world's grand hope be saved forevermore.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE MISSION OF DEATH.

BY JOHN M'INTOSH.

Read on the occasion of the funeral sermon on the death of Abraham Lincoln, in the Presbyterian Church, of Wyoming, N. Y.

Gone, gone, gone,
And the Nation is shrouded in black;
  Moan, moan, moan,
For the Good that will never come back.
  The Lofty of Faith, and the Wise,
  The Upright, the Honest, the Brave,
In the chamber of death lowly lies,
  The friend of the master and slave,
Alike, was the Patriot we mourn.
  A Nation in tears at his grave,
All scarred with the battle, and torn,
And weary, and bleeding, and worn
  With struggling fair Freedom to save,
Stands gasping and voiceless with woe,
Stands stunned with the mystical blow,
Stands bendingly, reverently low,
Stands fearfully questioning why
  This thunderbolt leaped from the cloud,
  These plumes, and this grave, with the shroud,
Should flaunt and should yawn to the sky.
Hush! give his great heart to the sod,
His spirit 's already with God.

* * * * *

  No rest for the sole of the foot,
  No peace for the heart and the hand,
  Till torn from its hell-nourished root
  Lies lifeless the Curse of our land;—
  The Curse of the fetter and gyve,
  The Curse of the lash and the knife,
  The Curse that keeps Monsters alive
  To stab at the National Life;
  The Curse that engendered the thought,
  That nourished the Heart where it grew;
  The Curse of a System Infernal that brought
  The death of our Chieftain so true.
  This, this is the gist of the mission to you,
  The hearts of the People it solders in one,
  The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is drawn.

Dead! dead! dead!
Alas! that the Nation should need
Its Best and its Bravest to bleed;
That the tears of its maidens and wives
Should flow for the sacrificed lives
  That die on the altar of Wrong;
  The young, and the brave, and the strong.
Hush! out of those treasures of blood,
  Of agonies, tortures, and tears,
Shall spring up a harvest of Good,
  Enriching Futurity's years;
And out of the Tempest of Sighs
  That wails o'er the grave of our Chief,
Brave pledges will mount to the skies,
  And Joy will be born of our Grief.

O'er the grave of the Gentle and True,
  Great God of the faithful and free,
Our loves and our vows we renew
  To Liberty, Duty, and Thee.
An altar to Justice we made,
  At the hour when his Spirit arose,
And the first worthy offering made
  Shall be the foul Heart of its Foes.
Its cells where the Treason was hatched
  That flooded with horror our land,
By the knife of the High Priest unlatched,
  We'll give to the fire and the brand;—
The fire of the wrath and the scorn
  That burns in the Soul when the Right,
Aroused by the Godlike in majesty borne,
  Descends upon Wrong in its might.
  This, this is the Mission of Death in our Fight!
The hearts of the People it solders in one,
The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is drawn.

—*Rochester Democrat.*

The Liberator.

"RESPECTS" FROM LOYALISTS TO A REBEL.

A writer from Richmond to the *Worcester Spy*, under the signature of "Delegate," gave, a few weeks ago, the following account of the doings of himself and others in that city:—

"Being assured that a visit to Gen. Lee would be well received, a detachment of the U. S. Christian Commission, consisting of seven, called at his door, and his son, Gen. Custis Lee, appeared, when I said to him that we had called to pay our respects to Gen. Robert E. Lee. Being soon seated in a dining-room, without any cover on an extension dining-table, the General soon was ushered in by his son, and announced. I arose by previous arrangement, and said to him that I had been a soldier, and called to pay my respects as a soldier, and advanced to take his hand; but he made no response, and then I introduced Dr. Parker, of Boston, and all the party in succession. We all soon arose, and Dr. Parker said to him that we were here on a humane mission, and hoped he sympathized with it. He said that he did, and continued that 'these associations had done much good, and he hoped they would continue their efforts.' He then gave us all his hand very cordially, calling us all by name as we parted with the best of wishes. He and his staff were dressed in Confederate grey, and looked very finely, yet sober, sad, and cowed in demeanor."

This statement called forth much indignant comment from the public press. Among others, the N. Y. *Evening Post* said in relation to it:

"Several correspondents ask us to rebuke those members of the Christian Commission who, according to the *Worcester Spy*, recently "paid their respects" to Gen. Lee. In reading the account given of the interview by one of the seven brilliant Christian Commissioners, it appeared to us that they received a sufficiently stinging rebuke for their snobbishness from the rebel General, who received their address in silence, and got rid of them as quickly as he could. He evidently felt that the Commissioners had called on him only to gratify a morbid curiosity, which would have led them to the door of any burglar or murderer as quickly as to his; and the hope of Rev. Dr. Parker, of Boston, that Lee sympathized with the Commission's humane measures, must have struck the rebel General as odd; for he was standing at the time almost in sight of the prison where, under his eye, and by his sufferance, so many hundreds of brave Union soldiers perished of exposure and starvation. This talking to Lee about humanity is as *malapropos* as though a deputation of locksmiths should wait on a professional burglar to solicit his admiration for the last new invention in fire and powder-proof locks and salamander safes."

The general expression of indignation at the "complimentary flunkeyism" of "Delegate" and his associates called forth the following card of disclaimer from the chairman of the (so called) Christian Commission:—

To the Editors of the Evening Post: The Richmond correspondent of the *Worcester Spy* has given you a wrong view of "some Christian Commissioners and General Lee."

Rev. Dr. Parker of Boston, who called on the General, is not connected with the Christian Commission. He is a member of the American Union Commission, and also has in charge the educational and religious interests of the freedmen. Any delegate of the Christian Commission who accompanied him, did so entirely on his own account. No officer, or agent, or delegation, or any authorized representative of the Christian Commission, ever called upon General Lee. If any volunteer delegate of our Commission, temporarily in Richmond, has, under the pressure of an idle curiosity, so far forgotten his propriety as to suppose that duty or the privileges accorded by the Commission would take him to General Lee's house, he has acted entirely on his own account, and under an utter misapprehension of the work for which he was sent to the army, and his course is as severely reprehended by the Commission as by any loyal heart in the country.

GEO. H. STUART,
Chairman U. S. Christian Commission.

The amount of this disclaimer is that the "detachment of the U. S. Christian Commission, consisting of seven," of whose doings "Delegate," one of their number, speaks, did not act by any authority from headquarters. It is well for the Christian Commission (so called) that its head can say as much as this in its defence; but there is no reason for doubting that several members of that body, of their own motion, thought it well to "pay their respects to Gen. Robert E. Lee," and did so, arranging that "Delegate," also a member, should be their spokesman.

When "Delegate" found the cold shoulder turned by Gen. Lee to *his* overtures of respect, he introduced Dr. Parker, a grey-headed clergyman, recently pastor of a Baptist church in Boston, who succeeded in recommending the party to the favorable attention of the rebel General, and he soon gave them all his hand "very cordially."

Why did these half dozen private members of the Christian Commission (so called) and Rev. Dr. Parker (who, according to Mr. Stuart, is not a member of it) *wish* to visit Gen. Lee, and pay their *respects* to him?

There is no reason to suspect these gentlemen, or any of them, of disloyalty—of sympathy with Gen. Lee as a rebel, or satisfaction at his labors for the Confederacy. Their regard for the great rebel leader does not arise from the perjury which he committed at the commencement of the war, betraying the Government which he had sworn to support; nor from his turning against his country the education which she gratuitously gave him at West Point; nor from his treachery to Gen. Scott, abusing the confidence of that officer by gaining a knowledge of his plans and secrets down to the last moment when they could be carried over to the enemy; nor from his system of falsehood, kept up to the last, assuring the Confederate armies and people that the rebellion would undoubtedly have a successful issue, though he wrote in February to Jeff. Davis that the South could no longer carry on the contest, and wrote substantially the same thing, March 9th, to the rebel Senate; nor from his wanton waste of human life, allowing the bloody last battles before Petersburg and Richmond, after it had become manifest to him that the defeat of the Confederacy was inevitable; nor from his proved habitual cruelty in the past, as a specially severe slave-master, a kidnapper of the slaves freed by Mr. Custis, his father-in-law, and a woman-whipper; nor from his allowance of the infernal system of torture and starvation practised upon the Federal prisoners at Belle Isle, Libby, Salisbury, Camp Ford and Andersonville, when a single word from him would have prevented them; nor, lastly, from the demeanor which he has preserved since his surrender, of a man merely defeated by superior force, and not in the slightest degree penitent, either for his treachery, perjury, treason, falsehood or cruelty: none of these facts, I say, produced the *respect* which these members of the Christian Commission felt and expressed for Gen. Lee. What then did produce it?

It is due, no doubt, to the assumption that this perjured and hardened traitor is a "Christian"; an assumption proceeding from the fact that he is a member of some one of the pro-slavery churches of the South. The character in which his eulogists have delighted to parade him is that of "a Christian gentleman." And they can prove the claim for him to this extent, namely:—he is a "gentleman" according to the Virginia standard, just as Henry A. Wise is; and a "Christian" according to the Church standard, just as the editor of the *Journal of Commerce* is.

A gentleman! This distinction in Virginia is first inherited, by descent from one of the F. F. V's, and then supported by an avowed contempt for labor, (the earning of his own food and clothes,) a careful avoidance of it in his own person, and a haughty arrogance towards the representatives of it; namely, negroes, the poor whites of the slave States, and the people of the North generally. These are the essential characteristics of the Virginia "gentleman," and General Lee, no doubt, acted up (or down) to that character.

A Christian! This distinction is first gained, alike South and North, by making a "profession of religion"; and it is supported, alike South and North, by conformity to the church standard of Sabbatical observance, and attendance on prayer-meetings. These are the essentials. No doubt General Lee fulfilled them.

Five years ago, this view of the characteristics of the Christian gentleman passed equally current North and South. It is true that the Yankees had a habit of industry, and a prejudice in favor of earning their own living. One might be a gentleman here without indolence, and without cheating somebody else out of the expense of his maintenance. But in spite of this difference of theory and practice, and in spite of the manifestation of supreme contempt from the South to the North on account of it, the Northern people, strange as it may seem, accepted the Southern view as the right one for that latitude, and yielded to the lords of the lash all the deference that they demanded. The Northern representatives of trade, of politics and of religion vied with each other in subserviency to the Southern idea. Business men actually seemed to think it better to trade with a few hundred thousand slaveholders, governing the Southern country, and keeping civilization out of it, than to supply the vastly increased demand which a diffusion of freedom and civilization would have produced among the millions occupying that region. Politicians courted the slave power. The Managers of the *American* Tract Society, and of the *American* Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, did the same thing, and twisted their policy into conformity to the slaveholders' ideas, even though their Northern contributors were far more numerous and far more liberal than the Southern. And the Virginian minister or church-member was not in the least less welcome to the pulpit or communion-table of a Northern church, from the known fact that he got his living by selling human beings (including his own children) in the market.

The change in this respect which has come over the community is not due in the slightest degree to any increase of purity, morality or religion in the church; but to the access of patriotism, affecting the whole North, which the slaveholders' rebellion has developed, and to the evidence brought out by that rebellion of the inevitable opposition of Southern ideas to Northern liberty. This mighty tide has carried with it not only the hunkers of the world, but the hunkers of the church. And Dr. Parker, "Delegate" and their associates, being a little slower and duller than the rest, had not yet found out that the credit of the "Christian gentleman" *is* somewhat impeached by treason, and those other features of General Lee's history above enumerated. Times have changed; and the Church and its children, the "Christian Commission" and the "Young Men's Christians Association" (so called) are changing with them; though it should not be forgotten that this increased decency of external conduct in the church is owing, not any elevation of principle in itself, but to the better example set it by "the world."

To be sure, this change has wrought somewhat hardly with "Delegate" and his brethren, who have now, it is said, been discharged from the Christian Commission for their untimely manifestation of zeal. They probably really thought that they were doing service, by their exhibition of "Christian" courtesy, to the body which they volunteered to represent. No doubt they thought that the regularly received estimate of Christian character, namely, church-membership, would cover and sanctify as many sins as it did five years ago, when Mr. Stuart and Mr. Tobey would have shown as much respect as themselves for Gen. Lee. But accidents will happen. And they may console themselves, if they can, with the reflection that they have formed the stepping-stone by which the "Christian Commission" has taken the opportunity to raise itself in public estimation.—C. K. W.

THE BALLOT.

THE BALLOT A MEANS OF LIFE OR DEATH TO FREEDOM AND FREE LABOR—WHO SHALL USE IT?

The ballot! In whose hand shall it be placed? In the hand of ignorance or intelligence; of vice or virtue; of drunkenness or sobriety; of treason or loyalty? With the American people, the ballot is a question of life or death to freedom and free institutions. Shall those be allowed to wield it, who are traitors, or who acknowledge a higher and prior allegiance to a foreign tyrant and bigot?

What does a ballot mean? It means sovereignty, not only over the one that casts it, but over me, you, and every body within the jurisdiction of that sovereignty. It makes the will of the man who casts it a law, not only unto himself, but unto all his fellow-citizens. It is the symbol of the instrument of what Blackstone calls "supreme, irresistible, absolute and uncontrolled authority" of the voter, not only over himself, but also over the property, liberty, life and happiness of every man, woman and child living on the territory over which that ballot extends its power. Accordingly, as it is used, the ballot is a far greater weapon of good or of evil than the bullet.

What has fostered into gigantic proportions the assassin of President Lincoln, (Slavery,) during the past five years? The ballot. What has made the American Republic the assassin of humanity in the person of the Negro for seventy-five years? The ballot. What spread "the sum of all villanies" over Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Texas and Arkansas? The ballot. What made the Federal Government, in all its departments—legislative, judicial and executive—a slave-hunter? The ballot. What subjugated the Northern pulpit, press, commerce, legislature, literature and religion to the assassin? The ballot. What emboldened that assassin to rebel against the rule of the majority, and strike at the heart of the nation? The ballot.

But what has saved the North and the nation from the assassin's knife? The ballot—not the bullet. True, according to popular political and theological ideas, the ballot means a bullet—provided the minority will not yield to the decisions of the ballot. But, still, as it was the ballot that nursed the assassin, Slavery, and gave to it its power and dominion over the nation, it was the ballot, and not the bullet, which, as an expression of the people's will, gave that assassin the death-blow, and rescued the republic from his grasp.

During my sojourn and lecturing in Great Britain, I identified myself with the Chartist, or Universal Suffrage Party. Who shall wield the ballot? Shall it represent humanity, or property, title or station? Shall it be wielded by Ignorance or Intelligence, by Drunkenness or Sobriety, by Vice or by Virtue, by Moral Degradation or Elevation, by *Treason* or *Loyalty*? Shall sex exclude intelligence, virtue, justice, purity and loyalty from suffrage, while sex (of the opposite kind) shall admit ignorance, drunkenness, violence, brutality, social and moral degradation, and treason, to its exercise? These questions, so vital to the existence and perpetuity of freedom and free institutions in this and in all countries, have been discussed in Europe for twenty-five years.

In all my journeyings and lecturings in Great Britain in defence of the ballot as the one great means to secure and perpetuate free labor, a free press, free schools, free society, and free institutions, I was universally answered by reference to the one great and shameful fact—i. e., Where on earth can be found a tyranny so cruel and remorseless as in that nation, (America,) where suffrage is most extended? What could I say? The ballot has been made, in this Republic, the cause of more anguish, tears, cruelty and blood than can be found flowing from any other source.

By the ballot, this fountain of tears and blood, of injustice and inhumanity, has been and is being dried up. Shall the ballot again be the means of opening it?

Again I ask, cannot those who have for thirty years been exercised in a war of ideas against slavery, that noble band of Abolitionists who gave their all to rescue their country and the world from the knife of that most malignant and merciless of all assassins, chattel slavery, initiate a national movement to give to the ballot its true place and value as a means of redemption to earth's toiling millions from oppression, and of progress to the world?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S. Shall the use of the ballot be based on sex? This, so far as the existence of this republic, and the cause of human freedom, happiness and progress are concerned, is a far more important and comprehensive question than that of negro suffrage. It is equally base and tyrannical, equally inconsistent with impartial Justice and Equal Rights, to make *sex*, as it is to make *color* a reason for exclusion from the ballot. To exclude a wise, upright, just, true and loyal woman, because she is a woman, is no less a wrong and an outrage than to exclude an intelligent, wise, just, noble and loyal Negro because he is a Negro. So, to admit an ignorant, depraved, brutal, disloyal *White man* to vote is as dangerous as to admit a Negro with the same character.

Cannot the Abolitionists start a new movement that will cover the whole ground? If they could, tens of thousands will aid in it who will not while the question is confined to the rights of the Negro. Have intelligence, virtue, sobriety, morality and loyalty no *special* rights in regard to suffrage? Has *Woman* no rights at the polls? If wrong to brand and cast out the Negro from the ballot, because God made him a Negro, is it not an equal wrong and outrage to brand, cast out and trample on woman, by excluding her because God made her a woman?

Now, while reconstructing our national and State governments, is the time to discuss these questions. Abolitionists are the ones sent and commissioned of God to do it.

H. C. W.

TIGHT DRESSING.

ROCHESTER, (N. Y.) May 1, 1865.

DR. DIO LEWIS:

DEAR SIR—A stranger, I address you on a subject vitally connected with the interests of the race; at any rate, of that portion claiming to be civilized and enlightened—yes, even ideal and artistic. Some time ago, I read in the *Liberator* your letter to women, on the importance of well-dressing, and protecting the feet and limbs, for which I thank you most heartily. I have waited, hoping that some one would respond, and also ask you this question—Can you not reach our fashionable women on the subject of tight dressing, and, through them, the mass who follow? This question involves, to some extent, the well-being of the world. The women of America are committing deliberate suicide by compression of the vital organs; I say deliberate, for one would think enough had been said and written by physiologists to have warned our women against disease and death on the one hand, and to have charmed them into admiration of nature's workmanship on the other, to have resolved them to be no longer guilty of violating these laws of physical growth and health. But, through ignorance, or pride, or false ideas of beauty, they are led on to commit the same folly and the same crime with those who have suffered before them; and so will have to incur the same penalties, and pass through the same bitter experiences.

At the Monteagle Hotel, Niagara, where I spent a Sunday a year ago, I saw, say twenty, young married women,—evidently the pride of their husbands,—with fair forms generously moulded by nature, but their waists so distorted by art, that without doubt my hands and one of theirs would have much more than spanned some of them; while others, it seemed, I could easily clasp myself with outstretched fingers. It was a painfully sad sight to me, and I could have preached a sermon, if that had been the time and place, and *if* I had been the person. No, no—the last *if* stands right in the way. It needs, perhaps, a man; at any rate, a distinguished physiologist and advocate of the laws of health, and one who has been successful. "Nothing succeeds like success," says Emerson; and your system of gymnastics is taught the country over—fashionable women and men practise, and send their children to learn the health-giving exercise. Now, will you not speak to our women, and rebuke them for this flagrant disobedience to the laws of their being, and this barbarous outrage upon true ideals of beauty? As charitable as possible, I will believe that many need information and teaching; that they are not aware of the extent of their sinning; and if they could once *be set thinking*, they would arouse themselves to bring about a reform.

It needs no prophet or astrologer to read the horoscope of the young women mentioned, together with tens of thousands all over our land, as well as in France and England. A sensible, observing mother, in middle life, might see them a few years hence (and a very few) faded, diseased, perhaps sorrowing, either watching over diseased and dying babes, mourning those that were gone, or looking forward to the wasting and going out of their own lives, so that they must leave their helpless treasures behind. Oh! if these young wives could feel, for one moment, in their souls, the transcendent joys of motherhood, nothing could tempt them so to barter away their birthright for the applause of vanity and folly, and for the sake of compliance with false standards of taste.

This is a constantly increasing evil, gaining by fashion very much within a few years, and increasing also by inheritance. It needs attention of physicians, physiologists, and conscientious men and women everywhere. It is a vital and serious question; and I most earnestly wish that you who have spoken to women of subjects so intimately connected with this, would lend your influence to advance a reform, compared with which, to me, all other "dress reforms" shrink into insignificance.

Respectfully yours,
CATHARINE A. F. STEBBINS.

INSTRUCTION OF THE FREEDMEN.—No. V.

Spoken Language, and Conclusion.

In the previous article, we commended the Phonic system as a means of teaching the freedmen to read. There is, however, another object equally important that seems to have been scarcely noticed. The freedmen have never been taught to *speak* the language properly. With their vicious pronunciation, a phonic or phonetic orthography becomes doubly important. They meet words that they have alway spoken erroneously. With no certain guide before them, they will give the word the same false pronunciation to which they are accustomed; while a phonic text would constantly remind them of their error.

And, again, it is as important, if they are to become men and citizens that they should learn to talk, as to read,—that they should learn the spoken, as well as the written language.

We have no teachers that are prepared for this work. We have good elocutionists, but they have not been in the habit of beginning their work so fundamentally as is required in this case. The sounds of the language are not commonly taught in our schools, and few of our teachers know how to teach them. It may be that we can furnish a more intelligent class of teachers for the freedmen, than for our schools at home,—more intelligent, we mean, in this respect: in all other respects, they will challenge comparison with the teachers of any other country. And if we cannot, the day is far distant when the freedman can claim his right to citizenship, without betraying in his dialect his servile origin.

It must not be inferred that no attention is necessary to this point, because negroes at the North learn to talk like other men. A child brought up in Hindustan, learns to talk Hindustanee; but it does not necessarily follow that four millions of men settled in that country would talk that language in preference to their own. *The laws that operate in elevating great masses of men influenced by one another, mixing chiefly in society among themselves, if not different in nature, are different in effect, from those that operate on one individual surrounded by other influences.* This, it seems to us, those who direct the education of the freedmen should carefully consider. They cannot overestimate the importance of bringing all available forces into the field. They will all be needed; and more too, that are not now available.

Let, then, Phonics do its work in teaching both the spoken and the written language—let teachers be prepared so as to aid most efficiently in this great work—bring all the forces available into the field;—and then let us labor on in faith and hope for the elevation of the long oppressed freedman; and God will grant us success, and through him give a higher tone to educational enterprise throughout the country.

[*Conclusion.*]

If, in the preceding articles, we have not made the IMPOSSIBILITY of ever teaching four millions of freedmen to *read* and write, merely, by the method now pursued, appear clearly, it has been from an anxiety to be brief. We have merely hinted at difficulties that could not be unfolded in their length and breadth in a less book than Worcester's Quarto. We offer one further consideration. It is this: we have failed to teach our own sons and daughters these arts. Our compositors are the only men in the country that know how to spell with accuracy; and it would be difficult to find a man anywhere who could read a common newspaper through without mispronouncing some words. Besides, we believe that fully one half of the adult population of the Northern States are able to use well a vocabulary of only about three thousand words. These they can read and spell in some manner. When they meet a word beyond this narrow circle, they neither know how to pronounce or to spell it. The great world of words that are in constant use in our literature convey to them no certain sound, and a very vague *sense*, if any at all. And this is owing in great measure to the fact, that the vagaries of their narrow vocabulary absorbed all their thoughts, and still gave them no clue to anything beyond.

But suppose that we admit the possibility of finding teachers and money enough to make the freedmen as intelligent as the more ignorant classes among us are—are the calls for other charities so unimportant that we can afford to spend years of time, and thousands of dollars, to accomplish a work that by a better method could be accomplished in as many months, and with as many hundred dollars?

Besides, it is conceded by those who have had experience in the work, that the great body of freedmen and women cannot be taught to read. The children, they say, may do well in the course of years; but the older persons, for the most part, will not. Many say, "Too hard, massa, too hard—nebber can learn to read."

And why, ye directors of the education of the freedmen, why need they stumble forever over the debris of an ancient world? Because we do? If you should choose to drive your pleasure carriages over trackless wastes, where huge boulders of lava attended the wonder of volcanic action, you might find a compensation in its historic teachings; but would you insist that every truckman should drive his heavily laden cart over the same boulders to teach him a lesson in geology? If you insist in travelling without roads, do not object that humble practical men should have them. Oh ye stupid reformers! Indignation need not be repressed when provoked by your blind conservatism. Send your missionaries southward only in sail ships; let the old truck wagon be employed instead of the steam-drawn car; deny and refuse every modern invention, and modern civilization itself;—but for the sake of Truth and Humanity, do not insist on binding a burden on the freedman that neither ye nor your fathers were ever able to bear! Do not clog his whole mental development by giving him husks when he asks for food. Now he may proudly say, "Still in thought as free as ever"; but when you shall have drilled him a few years by the same methods that you use in confusing all the common sense of your own sons and daughters, under the *pretence* of educating them, you will effectually reduce him to subjection. This course may be necessary in order to subdue a spirit of inquiry and love of truth among those whose greatest danger lies in knowing too much; but, pray! don't be so tender of the freedman. He is not naturally so eccentric and insubordinate as to need these artificial restraints.

We assume, however, that the readers of the *Liberator* do not value an education in proportion to its power to confound the reason, and make the pupil forever dependent on authority. The *Liberator* has always consistently favored freedom of mind. When the shackles of a false orthography shall cease to bind the intellect; our schools shall teach science; our citizens shall become educated; high and worthy views of life will be entertained by a larger number than now; and we shall begin to emerge from a long night of intellectual and moral darkness.

When that morning, which is even now breaking, shall dawn, as the morning of freedom shall its radiance be. As the barbarism of slavery is now so evident, that no one is found to apologize for it; so, then, will the heathenish darkness, that is still so dense as to hide from sight the moral desolation favored by it, that no Trench will be found to play the part of a pro-slavery minister; but all mankind will shudder at the waste of time and misdirection of effort which it has caused. They will see that the shadow on the sun-dial of Progress has been put back a century. But in the light of that brighter day, full amends will be made for these evils, and the class of men that sought to perpetuate this darkness will be doomed to eternal infamy, with those whose defiant voices have forever ceased to proclaim the divine right of the taskmaster.

PHILIP.

EXPLANATORY.

The following explanatory note from Rev. William H. Channing is in reply to one of inquiry sent to him by Rev. Samuel May, Jr., respecting a certain speech made by Andrew Johnson:—

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1865.

Last evening I met Dr. William Elder, who gave me an explanation in regard to the remarks of "Andy Johnson," quoted by Wendell Phillips in his recent speech at Music Hall. The speech of Mr. Johnson was made long ago, before or at the beginning of the war; at any rate, before the Emancipation Policy had been adopted by our government. What he said showed that he was all ready for the most advanced policy; for, after declaring that rather than have the Union perish, he would have every negro in the country returned to Africa, he added, in answer to some one in the crowd, "Aye! and emancipation too! I am ready even for that." Dr. Elder says that the whole significance of the speech was in proving that, as early as the beginning of the war, Johnson was for freedom. Indeed, he declares that it was in this view of it, as indicating his advanced position, that Phillips quoted the speech of the brave Tennesseean.

So much for plain "Andy." And now as regards our "President," receive my renewed assurances that no man in the nation is more resolved than he to exterminate the whole brood of cockatrices, until there is "nothing to hurt or molest in all the holy mountain."

Yours, very truly, W. H. C.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MR. COBDEN.

LONDON, April 15, 1865.

For two weeks past, all England has been mourning for the death of Richard Cobden. The departure of the great man who not only achieved a world-wide fame as the advocate of sound economic truth, but immortalized himself as the champion of freedom and humanity, is a great and irreparable loss. Now that he is gone, even his political opponents are constrained to admit that he was a man who rendered the nation the greatest, the most disinterested service, and that we shall never see his like again. I need not dwell upon the special reasons which every American has for revering his memory. But still I would call your attention to the fact that the bronchial attack which cost him his life was brought on by his desire to take part in the great debate on American affairs, which took place in the House of Commons some four weeks ago; and that, if his fatal illness had not supervened, he would have taken his place side by side with Mr. Bright in defence of the cause of truth and justice on the American continent. The Emperor Napoleon has said in an article in the *Moniteur*, which is generally attributed to his pen: "Cobden loved France, and understood her; France will never forget him." The same may, I feel sure, be said of America. Cobden understood and loved *her*, and no American worthy of the name will ever cease to cherish his peerless memory. As for this country, in my time, no such grief has ever been exhibited for a statesman or public man—no voice of lamentation like unto this has been raised up to heaven, no such tears have been shed over the sacred bier of the dead. I was present in the House of Commons the day after his death, and I shall never forget the solemnity of the scene. Although there was no dim religious light, no drapery of woe, the house wore an indescribable aspect of mourning. There was a large attendance of members, who filled all the seats, stood by the doors, and flowed into the galleries; and, when Lord Palmerston arose to pay his generous and hearty tribute to the departed statesman, a solemn silence reigned through the magnificent chamber. What Lord Palmerston said was graceful and appropriate; but it was reserved to Mr. Disraeli to rise to the full dignity of the occasion. I never listened to a more elevated tone of eloquence than that which characterized the closing sentences of the great orator's speech, especially when he said:

"There are indeed, I may say, some members of Parliament, who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constituencies, and even of the course of time. I think that Mr. Cobden was one of those men."

There was a sublimity in this idea which was allied not only to genius, but to a still loftier grace of soul, and the House was carried away by the noble inspiration of the speaker. Mr. Bright, whose grief was heart-rending, could scarcely trust himself to speak. His face bore the marks of the deepest anguish, and his manly voice was broken by emotion. As I listened to him, my eye turned to the Tory benches, and I saw more than one grey-headed conservative—men who, when Mr. Cobden was living, had been his political antagonists—bathed in tears. The sight was consoling to me amid my own sorrow. I felt that death was not so much a gulf as a bridge which united all generous hearts—that it was a sacred brotherhood which bound the dead with the living by new and endearing ties; that it knew of no party, only the companionship of kindred spirits, of the just who are here with the righteous who have gone to their eternal reward. The sorrow of the House of Commons—the grief of the British nation, has met with a sympathetic response in every civilized clime. In France Cobden has been mourned as no Frenchman of our age has been mourned. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs has written a dispatch to the Embassador in London, which is unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. The document is full of reverence, of profound appreciation for the illustrious dead. The Emperor has ordered his bust to be placed in the museum at Versailles. The regrets of the Prussian Chambers mingled with those of the English and French Parliaments. The Prince of Servia has ordered a solemn funeral service to be celebrated in the cathedrals of Belgrade—the special reason for this being that Cobden was an ardent advocate of the rights of the Servians against the aggressions of Turkey. In every capital of Europe there have been great and almost unprecedented expressions of sorrow for "the international man," the untitled citizen of the world, the unselfish patriot, in whose soul God planted a great thought, and who was predestined to deeds which will bear fruit to the latest generations.

The gates of Westminster Abbey were not opened to receive the body of Richard Cobden. They would have been if the request had been preferred; but years ago, before the death of his beloved and only son, Mr. Cobden had chosen the spot of his burial. I was present at his interment, and shall never forget the place and the scene. West Lavington church is situated about a mile and a half from Mr. Cobden's residence at Dunford. Standing as it does on the summit of a beauteous Sussex hill, its shingled spire is visible for miles around. The graveyard forms the slope of the hill, and is laid out in a succession of terraces, which are overshadowed with firs and other undeciduous trees. The church is separated from the pleasant parsonage, with its smooth lawn and lovely parterres, by a well-clipped yew hedge. The funeral procession threaded its way up the narrow path which somewhat precipitously reached its terminal point at the pierced oaken porch of the little mediæval church. The coffin was borne by laborers on Mr. Cobden's own estate. The pall-bearers walked by the side of the coffin, with grave countenances and reverent steps. First came Mr. Bright, who was the image of a grief too sacred for description. Then Mr. Gladstone, the chancellor of the Exchequer, whose face was of marble, and whose air was that of a man wrapped in devotion. Then two other Cabinet ministers, Mr. Villiers and Mr. Milner Gibson, who, like Mr. Cobden, were leaders in the crusade against the corn laws. Then Mr. George Wilson, Mr. A. W. Paulton, Mr. William Evans, Mr. Henry Ashworth, Mr. Thomasson, and other distinguished friends and associates of the deceased statesman. The service in the church was performed without any choral accessories. All was as simple as the grand simplicity of the great man's character. Never did the glorious chapter from the Epistle to the Corinthians, in which the Apostle sets forth that great truth of the resurrection, which our Lord made one of the corner-stones of his doctrine, appear more real, more true, more sublime. And never, as the body was taken out into the celestial sunshine, did heaven beam more graciously upon the last solemn rites of death. Language fails me to describe the quiet loveliness of that hill-slope—the glory of that wide expanse of country, which, standing where we did on the verge of Richard Cobden's grave, extended without a break for miles and miles, until it mingled with the thyme-covered sides of the lofty range of the Southdown. The service was concluded amid the tears and pent-up sighs of the mourning throng. The crowd of members of Parliament and other distinguished men, who had come from all parts of the country to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of a great and good man, then went their appointed ways. Mr. Cobden had been buried, as he desired, by the side of his gentle-hearted son; and all must have felt, as they descended once more into the regions of earth, that they had left behind them a spot which, so long as time shall last and England be what she is, will form a place of pilgrimage for the wise and good of all countries, more precious than any other which now rests within the limits of our sea-girt shores.

On the previous day I had walked through the sunny lanes which Mr. Cobden was accustomed to traverse—I had conversed with those who knew him intimately and loved him well. It is impossible to conceive of a more pure or perfect life than that which he was accustomed to live in this lovely and sequestered nook. His means were not great, but his benefactions were most generous. He took an interest in the daily life of every villager—many of them when in distress were recipients of his bounty. When illness confined him to his chamber or his house, he never ceased to inquire after those who might need his advice or his care. By his own family he was tenderly beloved. All who visited his hospitable dwelling were charmed by his winning manners as well as elevated by his enlightened conversation. His eldest daughter is engaged to an estimable young man—Mr. Fisher by name—who, since the death of his son, has supplied the place of that beloved one